GOD AND DEMOCRACY LAME AND LOVELY

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GOD AND DEMOCRACY

LAME AND LOVELY

The Crane Classics

God *and* Democracy

Lame *and* Lovely

By

DR. FRANK CRANE

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GOD AND DEMOCRACY

FROM ST. MARK'S GOSPEL (X, 35 to 45)

And James and John, the sons of Zebedee, came unto Him, saying,

Master, we would that thou shouldest do for us something.

And He said unto them, What would ye that I should do for you?

They said unto Him, Grant unto us that we may sit, one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left hand, in thy glory.

But Jesus said unto them, Ye know not what ye ask . . . . .

Ye know that they which think good to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their Great Ones exercise Authority upon them.

But so shall it not be among you: but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your servant:

And whosoever will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all.

For even so the Son of man came not to be Served, but to Serve.

FOREWORD

This book seeks to show how the idea of democracy is altering the idea of God.

It is not a book of exhaustive argument, but of pointed suggestion.

It is reverent. To the mind of the author, God is the most inspiring, beautiful and wonderful idea among all ideas.

The book is not flippant nor Shavian. It is a clear, honest statement of what most Americans probably believe and what, it is hoped, they will be glad to see expressed in plain English.

Not out of disbelief, blatant irreligion and sneers, but out of sincere religion itself comes the cure. In the heart of orthodoxy is the cure for orthodoxy.

The purging, rectifying element in Christianity is Christ Himself, His bold, shattering democracy.

He has been emphasized as the Saviour of individual souls. He is more. He is the original Democrat. So He is the Saviour of the world.

PRELUDE

HOW THE CHRIST CAME TO THE HOUSE OF LIFE

In the House of Life one day was great stir. A prophet had announced that at five o'clock of the afternoon the Christ was to come.

There was strife for precedence, who should be on the reception committee. After bitter debate, a compromise committee was made.

There were, of course, the Catholic Bishop, for the militant Irish; the Episcopal Bishop, for the wealthy and exclusive Brahmans; the Methodist Bishop, for the bourgeois; besides the Big Man, who had gotten rich by killing hogs, and lived in magnificence, as they used to live who killed the most men; and the Mayor, who was a Jew, but who did not want to miss anything; and the Political Boss, who was a saloon-keeper, but loved place; and the Learned Professor; and the College President, and all Position Holders and Front Seaters.

And they drew up in lines, waiting. They had banners, candles, lodge uniforms, and there were

ostrich feathers and horse tails and epaulets, scepters, tiaras and swords. There were speeches prepared, and resolutions. And there was a great throne for the Christ to sit on, when he should come.

And about five o'clock there was a timid rap at the door. All craned their necks to see, as the servant opened.

But it was only a tramp working man looking for a job. So the doorkeeper told him to go around to the back door, and to go quickly, for they were expecting royalty.

So the man went around to the back door. And he got a job, hewing wood and drawing water, emptying slops, tending fires, doing errands, and helping where he could.

And the Dignities and Magnificences waited and waited.

As they grew old and died, others were chosen to take their place. And their only business was to wear robes and regalia, and look important and do nothing.

For more than a thousand years they stood first on one foot and then on another, like solemn herons by a river.

So that there arose philosophers and scientists who reviled them and said, some that there was no Christ, others that he would never come.

And all the while the work went on in the House of Life: spinning and cooking, teaching

and gardening and washing. There were children to feed, and women to weep and grow wise, and men to struggle and be strong.

And I asked the Interpreter the meaning. And he said: "The laboring man, who is the Servant in the House, is the Christ, who came at the set time; but came looking not for a Throne, but a Job.

"For the Christ seeks no hallelujahs and mowings of ceremony, but only to serve. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Look!"

And I looked; and it was night, and all in the House of Life were asleep, except the Servant. And I saw him as it were a gigantic Spirit, and again small as an Atom; and he was rolling up the stars to their places, bringing the south wind by, pregnant with rain, feeding the lilies, swelling the fruits, and with a myriad hands keeping the heart-pumps and lung-bellows going in sleepers.

And occasionally some would cry out for him, but they could not see him, because they did not know where to look. They looked at the empty throne and not where life and love and work were.

And still from age to age the Dignitaries and Temple Keepers waited, and sang chants to the empty throne.

And when they were sore with standing, the Laboring Man would come in and wash their feet. But they knew him not.

THE IDEA OF GOD IS A GROWING IDEA

There can be no doubt that our idea of God changes along with all our other racial ideas. And this change, we must believe, unless we be pessimists, is a development and is slowly becoming more and more in harmony with the truth. God is the same yesterday, today and forever, but our apprehension of Him is progressive.

There is growth even within the Bible itself. Moses had a better conception of deity than Abraham, and John and Paul improved upon Moses.

The approach to truth is a slow process. It is one thing to have a truth told you, it is quite another thing to realize it, to get it ground into your whole being and to have it saturate your subconsciousness.

By thousand-year-long experiments, by much wrangling, writing, war and weariness, by the establishment and decay of institutions, by the bloom and fading of heresies, by the rise and wane of popular enthusiasms, humanity has been testing, kneading, moulding and perfecting a rational and workable conception of God. It has been a huge experiment, a trying-out that has had

the world for its laboratory, centuries for its time, and humanity itself as both investigator and material.

THE OLD AND THE NEW NOTION OF A RULER

Previous to the Nineteenth Century there was nothing in human experience that could give the popular mind any form for its conception of Deity but a Monarch. All governments as a rule were monarchies. The only approaches to world unity were such monarchic experiments as those of Alexander and Cæsar. It appeared to be inconceivable that society could be held together and that law could rule without one supreme will. Upon this theory was formed, not only the secular government, but also the Mediæval Church.

The French Revolution and the establishment of the United States of America inaugurated a new era. The idea arose, and has since spread throughout the Western World, that unity is possible without a monarch; in fact, that the monarch is dangerous to unity. The true oneness of a people depends upon the spirit in them, and not upon the power over them.

This new conception is called Democracy. Its basis is the mind of the whole people. It is humanity doing things for itself, and not having

things done for it. Its effect has spread from France and America throughout Europe and is felt in the Orient.

The modern substitute for the will of the Monarch is the will of the people. Public Opinion has superseded the King's Opinion. It is a spirit, not a man—a feeling within, and not a force without, that holds a nation together.

Democracy has its defects, its absurdities, its failures, but there can be no doubt that it is steadily crowding out the king-theory.

THE GOD-IDEA IN MONARCHIES

The people's conception of the Divine Ruler has always been formed after the pattern of the earthly rulers with whom they were familiar. God was a King. No one ever thought it necessary to prove this, because no one could comprehend any other way of ruling but the King-way.

The ruler of the universe has ever been the ruler of the state writ large. So long as there were Kings, He was the King of kings.

Max Nordau says: "Man always believed in a monarchical government and creation of the world. The development of the idea of God proceeded along the lines of the development of monarchy. When we have studied the sacrificial rites, the invocations, prayers, hymns and ceremonies of religion, we have as complete a picture of the relations between our ancestors and their chiefs as if we had seen them with our own eyes."

MONARCHIC CHARACTER OF GOD

God being presumed to be necessarily a monarch, all His attributes were monarchic. He had the aims, feelings and manners of the absolute kings. He rewarded and He punished. He exercised the power of life and death. When He was obeyed He was pleased, and when He was disobeyed He was offended. His glory consisted in doing just as He would, this being the prevalent idea of greatness. As Elihu, the Buzite, said to Job: "I will answer thee that God is greater than man, for He giveth not account of any of His actions."

He did not exist for His world, His world existed for Him. He was under no obligations to us. A huge, magnified, holy Louis XIV projected upon the starry firmament, He cried, "I am the Universe," as the Roi Soleil exclaimed, "I am the State."

LIMITED MONARCHY EFFECTS A LIMITED DEITY

Complete absolutism in human rulers, however, has been more or less a fiction. Customs, conventions, treaties, alliances and promises hampered them. Even the kings of the Medes and Persians were bound by their own edicts.

Councils, ministers, senates and armies, devised to carry out the monarch's will, grew into institutions that impeded it. Law, which was intended to control the subjects, developed into a thing that embarrassed the palace.

Precisely the same way the unrestricted freedom of God became subject to an increasing number of checks, until Calvin and Edwards had Him tied up by logic and by Scripture texts as hopelessly as poor Wotan in Wagner's Nibelungen Ring, who was so restricted by the runes on his spear that he gave up in despair, retired to his Walhalla palace and rejoiced when he and it were burned. He had perceived the truth that absolutism and reason are wholly incompatible, law and irresponsible monarchy will not continue together. The only escape to freedom for an abso-

lute monarch lies in extinction. By and by law, logic and convention will choke him to death.

The attempt, therefore, to rationalize an absolute Monarch-Deity is futile.

In the case of most persons who say they do not believe in God they mean they cannot believe the kind of God-Idea that is part and parcel of that mediævalism we have outgrown; it is as if they declared they do not believe in a Czar. Confusion of thought arises from the common assumption that if there be a God, He must necessarily be a Czar.

THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY

And now comes Democracy, radically changing our fundamental conception of what it means to govern, or rather revealing to us that governing is after all a secondary business.

A nation is held together, is prosperous and peaceful, not because of its Ruler, but because of its Spirit. A nation is moulded and managed not by its official head, who is merely its executive agent, but by those who Serve and Inspire it best.

Democracy does not simply give us one kind of ruler for another, and substitute election for heredity as a method of selecting him; it goes deeper; it strikes at the very heart of the matter; it shows us that ruling is a second-rate affair and not at all of the highest importance.

GOD, THE UNIVERSAL SERVANT

If God be not the Supreme Monarch, then, what is He?

The answer to this is the main point of this book.

The modern, novel conception of God is that of the Universal Servant and not that of the Universal Ruler.

This rests upon the discovery that the greatest thing in the world is to Serve, and that Ruling is not necessarily great; on the contrary, is usually small business, and only becomes great when it is a means of Service.

GREATNESS OF SERVICE IS NOW BEING POPULARLY APPRECIATED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY

The world is waking up to this. There is a public sentiment, for the first time becoming widespread on earth, that it is nobler to do something for the world than to win something from the world; that it is a higher and finer thing to be an Edison or a Koch than it is to be a King, a President or a Billionaire. Our ideals are changing. We are beginning to realize that Luther Burbank, producing a new kind of edible cactus to redeem the desert, is a more inspiring spectacle than Kaiser Wilhelm rattling down Unter den Linden at the head of a troop of cavalry.

Likewise our notion of God's greatness is similarly being transformed. We smile today at the gaudy significance of the Fourteenth Century potentate; we have respect for the man who does things and is modest. Hence the "God of Battles," the enthroned, crowned and sceptered image, does not appeal to this age, for the simple reason that we have made the discovery that this kind of display is an evidence of weakness and not of strength.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING GREAT AND BEING CALLED GREAT

It is well to get this point thoroughly mastered. It is the very meat of the matter.

John Ruskin puts it strikingly when he reminds us that most persons do not want to be great; they simply want to be called great. To be the captain implies no end of hard work and self-denial; to remain upon the bridge sleepless for days in the fog, to wear out the nerves in bearing the responsibility for all the souls and goods in the ship; that is not what we want; we want to be called captain, to be pointed at, to have people touch their hats to us.

GREATNESS OF CHARACTER VERSUS GREATNESS OF POSITION

There are two kinds of greatness therefore. One comes from holding great Office, the other from having a great Personality. The first is false, the second is true. The first is fool's gold, the second is pure gold twenty-four carats fine.

Those who are "called" great are they who are born to great place, as kings, nobles and millionaires' sons; also those who are elected, as presidents, governors and all office holders, including chairmen of meetings, masters of lodges and the like.

Now the place holder is not only not great, but it is a safe rule that he never is nor can be great. Prominence stifles personality. It is well to ponder this statement; it may save your life.

All systems of choosing rulers become by and by machines that regularly produce small and vain souls. For a little spirit fits into an ivory palace better than does a great spirit. The intellectual nutmeg makes the best "noble grand" or "worshipful master." In any given meeting the mutton-head is usually chosen moderator. It is always

the commonplace man who has the best chance of being elected pope, bishop or president. The "best society" does not take kindly to the man who has made his millions, for he is generally a forceful character; it is his son who is perfectly at home among the smart set, because being of no account he is adapted to their false sense of values.

Of course, there are exceptions. Occasionally a genuinely great man slips into the throne; millionaires' children are sometimes worth their salt, and the chairman of the meeting is once in a long while the best man present; but not often enough to matter. These are the exceptions which prove there is a rule; and the rule is, that in proportion as you gain the whole world you lose your own soul.

Take the kings, for instance. A survey of the list of English rulers shows that they have been uniformly mediocre or worse. The notable exceptions are the two Williams and Oliver Cromwell, and all three of these broke in by the window. Compare also the list of monarchs, the illustrious highnesses, of Germany, France and Italy with the real servants like Bismarck, Richelieu and Garibaldi.

Great personalities are of another order. They are usually outcasts and despised by their day. The world, till now, has steadily cursed, banished, burnt, poisoned and crucified them. Such are Savonarola, Wagner, Tolstoy, Socrates and Jesus.

A mind, therefore, educated in democratic surroundings and impregnated with modern notions of what it means to be great, must turn with indifference from the mediæval Czar-God, whose "glory and majesty" do not appeal to him, and seek a God who has some of the marks of real, sterling grandeur of character.

JESUS' REVELATION OF THE CHARACTER OF GOD

It is a very shattering thing to see how Jesus stood so utterly aloof from the mistaken ideas that prevailed in His time and for two thousand years after, and portrayed in His person and in His teachings exactly the kind of Deity that triumphant Democracy is forcing upon the world. Let us examine the characteristics which Jesus gave to Deity.

Jesus said He came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Hence, God, of whom Jesus claimed to be the representative, is primarily a Servant. What He wishes from us is not sacrifice, adoration and flattery, but chiefly that we use Him. "Go ye and learn what this meaneth; I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

Jesus washed His disciples' feet, and said, "So ought ye to wash one another's feet." Consequently the God that Jesus stood for is a power of humble ministries, or self-abnegating service, and far from our fanciful picture of One who sits on a throne and enjoys the ceaseless praise of cherubim and seraphim.

"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," said Jesus. There you have the modern, scientific, democratic notion of the All-potent. He is not king, president or millionaire; He is a laborer, a carpenter, a chemist, an artist. He is not typified by the ninnies our conventions have placed at the top of the social ladder, but by the healthy, cheerful toilers at the bottom. He is a farmer, raising humanity's foodstuffs. He is the "hand" who lifts the waters from the ocean, carries it over and sprinkles it upon the fields. He is "The Servant in the House," scrubbing, cleaning, airing and washing for His household.

Altogether if we are to accept Jesus' interpretation of God then this Almighty Spirit is not the All-terrible, seated in awful state upon a Great White Throne, but He is "meek and lowly of heart," a tender, intimate, approachable Being, very near every human longing. He dwells not yonder in Persian magnificence; He is among us —"Lo! I am with you alway."

The throne is empty. Its occupant is busy "going about doing good."

He is not the Magnate, the Leading Citizen of the universe; He is the "Friend of Sinners."

Over against John's picture of Him as a "King of Kings and Lord of Lords" we may set Jesus' own statement that He "hath not where to lay His head."

Servant of All, He heals the sick, feeds the

hungry, cheers the broken-hearted, teaches the young eagle to fly and the old man to hope, is annoyed when people call Him "Lord! Lord!" and do not the things He says, and being more than once frozen out of His temple He may be found in the crowd and press of men, in the habitations of lowly souls, breaking bread with some Mary and Martha, or leading by night some Nicodemus into the truth.

If we are to be orthodox enough to believe that Jesus was "the image of the godhead bodily," and that God is such as He, then we must purge orthodoxy of its heathen ingredients of monarchic display and cruelty.

THE GOD OF NATURE, LIKE THE GOD OF JESUS, IS A SERVANT

When we turn from Jesus and look about us we discover that the God of Nature also has none of the signs of a Monarch but all the traits of a Servant.

For does not God, in His world, keep persistently in the background? So much so that many deny that there is any such Being. If He were a ruler of the mediæval type He certainly would make some display. But He never rends the heavens and comes down. He has never allowed Himself the pardonable weakness of appearing in bodily presence to acknowledge the enthusiastic plaudits of His admirers.

On the contrary, He hides. No one conceals himself like God. All we can know of Him in nature is to be gathered from what He does. Is not that like a Worker, an honest, faithful Servant, proud and eager to perform His work, but escaping when we attempt to praise?

There in the night sky above us He works, rolling the stars, keeping up the fire of the sun, distilling the dews, sweeping the villages with His

winds. Here He is about us in the Spring, bringing to pass the miracle of green things growing, ushering in the violet, unrolling the fern, painting the crocus, guiding the brook, and turning the fecund warmth of His sun against the loving earth.

There is no exhibition of self, no bid for applause; only work, work, work, and just for the beauty and joy of it, the delight in creating.

Naturally, advertising humbugs cannot believe such a being exists.

LIKE GOD LIKE MAN

Our notion of God subtly reacts to shape our character more than any other idea we possess. When our fathers believed that God fought against the other gods and laughed at the destruction of His enemies, they did likewise; they too tortured, ravaged and killed. In the name of God and with pious prayers Cromwell shot down the Irish, inquisitors twisted human beings out of shape, the Holy Church tortured heretics, the Puritans roasted witches, and Crusaders, to please the supposed vanity of Jesus, went to war to rescue His sepulchre from the unbelievers. To please the "Lord of the far-flung battle line" men butchered by companies and set up statues to the bloodiest victor.

Monarchy has been the disease of the world.

And militarism is the pus of monarchism. The people have never gone to war. Colton says truly: "War is a game in which princes sometimes win; the people never."

The present emperor of Germany, posing as a "war-lord," is in line with the traditions of

thrones. Under him, strong, counter-irritant socialism inflames rapidly.

Business, "big business," is not bad in itself. It is suffering from the inherited vices of monarchy, which poisons all our thought and action. For trusts, billionaires, wealth-units and monopolies are simply monarchic ideas applied to money. Commerce needs democratizing as well as religion.

In fact, there is but one problem before the world,—democracy.

And we shall never realize the height and depth of the meaning of democracy until we have made our most fundamental idea democratic; that is, our idea of God.

THE CHURCH IS LOSING ITS HOLD ON MODERN LIFE IN PROPORTION AS IT CLINGS TO THE OLD IDEA

We can now begin to understand why the Church seems to be losing its grip on modern life. It is because the God-Idea of the past, still cherished in most Churches, does not appeal to the higher type of modern moral conviction.

A place-holding, self-seeking God influences mankind to Competition, wherein we struggle also for self and place. The Jesus-Idea, or Serving-God, flows out upon humanity as a Spirit of Co-operation.

The God of the barbaric past got all He could for Himself; the modern God is the Christ-Spirit of doing all one can for others. One is a baron-count-duke spirit; the other is a worker-spirit. The goal of one is to rule; the goal of the other is to serve.

MODERN EXPONENTS OF THE GOD OF SUCCESS

Cecil Rhodes was the unconscious receptacle of years of evangelical and orthodox ideas, to the effect that God stands for Success, that He is "the God of Getting-on," that He is on the side of the strongest battalions and the most virile race. Hence he believed that to insure Anglo-Saxon supremacy was to work the will of destiny. Mr. Millionaire is perfectly at home in the Church, for he has done only what the theology of yesterday conceived God to be doing, to wit: getting "glory and honor, praise and power." Mr. Trustmaker in his pew can repeat with a whole heart the savage psalm, "Blessed be the Lord my God who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight!" Not to speak of his personal character, Mr. Yerkes would have found nothing in his business career to prevent him from joining any respectable congregation; and the Union Pacific bandits, who looted a nation, might, had they chosen, have passed the collection plate in the Church of the Golden Lilies, even as Daniel Drew tells us in his autobiography how he went from family prayers to daily buccaneering.

THE ADVANCE OF A PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

The moral sense of the world has gone past the Church. The people have awakened to the fact that a man may be thoroughly orthodox, may thoroughly observe the established religious conventions, and still may be a thorough rascal. A notorious briber, we are informed by a United States Senator, "believes the Bible from lid to lid." Another boodler is an affectionate husband, a model father and a regular attendant at Church. Still a third thief, who has pillaged a city, "does not drink whisky nor does he use tobacco in any form."

Why is it that these protests arouse only a derisive smile? Is it because we have ceased to believe that religion has anything to do with morals?

By no means. It is simply because a religion that is sooted with mediævalism is utterly incompetent to produce moral results in the modern mind.

The rebate-thief, the corporation-wrecker, the bond-juggler, the political bandit, who rob the people with one hand while with the other they give

gifts to the university, the missionary society and the Young Men's Christian Association, may fit into the Church, but it is certain that there is nothing about them remotely suggesting Jesus Christ, nor any God whose name is Justice.

THE NEW NAME

The New Name of God is—The People. Yet it is the old idea of Jesus. In His last prayers Jesus asked the Father that His disciples might be One with Him, "even as He and the Father were One." That is pretty strong language. The only reason we are not shocked by it into some perception of the truth is that we have not had the slightest suspicion of its meaning. We have set it down as an extravagance of over-statement, a sort of mystical flourish. But suppose we take Jesus to mean just what He says? And He intimates plainly that His wish is that He, God and the People may be identical.

And this is parallel to His other sayings. In the parable of the Last Judgment He declares that "inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have not done it unto Me." That means the entire identification of the God-Idea and the People-Idea if it means anything.

Not less significant is it that He chose to call Himself "The Son of Man."

Note other of His phrases: "All Mine are

Thine, and I am glorified in them"; "The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given Them."

On one occasion when they told Him His mother and brethren awaited Him, He pointed to the People and said, "Behold My Mother and My Brethren!"

The Church by exalting Jesus has builded better than it knew. The People have come to take Him seriously and to ask: How is a man going to serve and adore the Jesus kind of God when he debauches, exploits and swindles the People in whom God abides?

THE GOD OF DEMOCRACY

The God of Democracy is not a King nor any Egoistic Potentate. He is the People.

That is His New Name we must learn.

The voice of the People may not always be the voice of God, but the welfare of the People is the welfare of God.

The People—that is the new revelation of God that glooms above thrones and senates and foreshadows their Day of Judgment. The People—that is the Spirit which with its whip of small cords purifies the life-insurance temple that the money-changers have transformed from a city of refuge to a den of thieves. The People—this is the Almighty that hovers unseen over corporation boards and city councils. This is the God who, louder and louder as the national conscience grows, is saying to men of wealth, "What hast thou done with the talents I gave thee? Thou hast spent them upon thyself. Take therefore the talents from him and cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness." Of God ye shall not say, "Lo, here, or Lo, there, is His Kingdom, for the Kingdom of God is among you."

A new meaning floods the poet's lines:

"And behind the great unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

THE NEW BLESSEDNESS

The psychological reward of a monarchic God differs radically from that of a democratic God. From the Sultan-God we got happiness. Happiness is what "happens." It is given us by the ruler's whim. Believing in the former notion of Deity, people perceived that their condition depended upon the caprice of the Czar of the Universe. We are to be happy or miserable, as He wills. It is impious to ask why. We must kiss the rod.

But when we believe in the kind of God represented by the Nazarene, the God who lives in and for His People, we get joy, which does not "happen" at all, but is a state of the soul arising from being in harmony with God, which means, in harmony with the laws of the universe and with the Soul of the whole People.

THE NEW SALVATION

When we are obsessed by the God-Sultan idea we seek happiness by artificial, grotesque and irrational schemes, such as by repeating a certain formula, or by attending religious services, or by crawling through the convolutions of an evangelical syllogism, or by a forced intellectual consent to certain historical facts. That is the way a Sultan's subjects obtain favor. It is all some legal process, or the intervention of some influential minister, or the performance of some rite or flattery.

When, on the contrary, we see that God is no such a mediæval childish tyrant, but is a dignified Peasant, Carpenter and Gentle Man, who is fully as just, reasonable and fine-spirited as any good man among us, then we seek His favor and His gifts of peace by being as just, kind and honorable as we can. We perceive that He is not to be dealt with by quibbles, legal machinery and theological artifice. He is an intelligent, noble-minded Being who is Serving humanity and not Exploiting it for His selfish ends, and if we want to please Him and to "enter into His rest," we must do

even as He is doing; we must begin to do something for the world instead of getting something out of it.

THE SERVING VERSUS THE MONARCHIC VIRTUES

The Serving Virtues are humility, loyalty, self-control and unselfishness. The Kings of earth, whether ancient or modern, whether European hereditary aristocracy or American self-made plutocracy, are noticeable for their lack of these qualities. Such virtues are absolutely inconsistent with the desire to dominate. The only governor who could have them would be the one who accepts rule merely because it is the best way he can serve.

The monarch virtues are pride, egoism, love of power and desire for prominence. These are essentially mean. They beget cruelty. They are what is the matter with our civilization. They cause a man to build a palace on Fifth Avenue as the moral apex of a pile of human suffering whose base is the sweat-shop and the gas-choked mine swarming with his stunted brothers.

On the contrary, you never meet a really great man, a truly majestic soul, full of the cosmic power of justice and altruism, who is not humble, who is not more considerate of human values than of money values. You never knew a beautiful soul

that was not self-forgetful. These are not King-virtues. They are blacksmith, school-teacher, housebuilder, poet and shoemaker virtues. They are the kind Jesus had, who was a Carpenter. They are the real virtues of God, who is Servant of All.

SERVICE AND SERVILITY

But does not some service imply servility? Is not the typical servant craven, low-spirited, cowardly, while the master is free, noble and manly. Are we not degrading God and putting Him beneath us when we call Him a Servant?

Unfortunately, centuries of ignorance and wrong thinking have left their poison in our language. From the notion that service is degrading we have drawn a contemptuous shade upon the words "servile, slave," and the like.

To clear up this point and to see the matter in its true light we have only to reflect that the average slave or servant is as great a tyrant and monarchist as his master. Put him on the throne and he out-Herods Herod. He is not a true servant at all; he is a mean king forced to serve.

True servants are they who have the Spirit of Service, who are free, and choose service. Such, pre-eminently, was Jesus, who "took upon Him the form of a servant and learned obedience."

Such real service is the kind mothers perform for their children. We see the same spirit in the scientist investigating cholera, in the patriot striv-

ing to purify his city, and in all workmen who love and dignify their work, are proud of it and rejoice in it. In these we get a glimpse of the character of God, of His true joy, glory and majesty. Such a woman as Jane Addams has given the world a truer idea of the real nature of God than all the cathedrals in Christendom.

THE CURSE OF CIVILIZATION

This age shall be cured of its money-madness, profligacy, insane competition and indifference toward the higher values of life; we shall ascend to healthful co-operation in business and to a healthful worship in our Churches, just in proportion as we learn our lesson, that God is not a vain King who is concerned with our obeisance because it pleases Him but a sensible Father who desires our obedience because it is best for us. He is not like the heathen gods, taking delight in our mowings and genuflexions, our processions and anthems, our ecstasies and mutilations; He is a Jesus-God who is pouring His power and love into His world and who wants us to do likewise. All he asks of us is to do our day's work, and sing thereby.

THE GOD OF THE YOKE

Above this crazy civilization, rolling the Sisyphus stone of success up the steeps of life, looms the vast shadow of Jesus of Nazareth, misunderstood in His day, now dimly glimpsed. We sing, "Crown Him Lord of All!" and call Him Saviour, Master and God. We build Him splendid temples, around which swarm the wretched victims of our selfish social war. By din of organ, prayer and praise we drown His pathetic, appealing voice, which cries:

"Take my YOKE upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls!"

POSTLUDE

THE HALL OF THE DEAD GODS

In the House of Life I came into a dim hall where were the ghosts of the Dead Gods. Once they had ruled the house; now they haunted it. Once their names were blessed at feasts and invoked in peril; now they were whispered in fireside tales. Once they had been real and potent; now they had fallen to the portion of "weeds and forgotten faces."

There were idols, of stone, of wood, of jade, of gold and silver, of mud. Some were huge as temples, some small as signets. Some were beautiful as the Venus of the Louvre, some as ugly as the Loathly Damsel of Galahad.

There were the five idols that ruled before the flood, the idols Saint Anthony saw: Sawa, woman shaped; Yaghueth, hound shaped; Yank, horse shaped; Nasr, eagle shaped; and Waad, man shaped.

There were black female gods with a hundred nipples, brown ones with fifty arms, livid ones with snakes for hair.

There were eagle, raven, ibis, and dove gods; there were crocodile, bull, ram, cow, beetle, and monkey gods.

There were amulets, charms, beads, signs, crosses, and totem-poles.

There were Jove and Juno and all the gods that once sat on Olympus and hunted in Hymettus, whose images once adorned Athens, whose temples filled Rome. Now they were as charmless as dead courtesans, powerless as mummied kings, lifeless as spots of dried blood.

There were the gods of evil: Lucifer, Ahriman, Belial, Sammael, and Beelzebub, Abaddon and Apollyon.

There were the gods of the East: Allah and Buddha, Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, Krishna, Juggernauth, Isis, Osiris and Astoreth; and from the North: Thor, Odin and Friga.

There were sibyls who wrote no more; saints whose bones had lost their healing power; demiurges paralyzed; familiars that could not whisper; oracles dumb; wingless peris; nymphs and mermaids dead as sea-weed; dryads turned to lichens; fairies that danced no more in the moonlight; banshees that wailed no more outside the window; undines floating like fallen leaves in the river; sirens silent and purple-lipped; Oberon and Mab and Puck lying like little shriveled things among the wood-flowers; fiends and furies and fates and harpies still as frozen serpents; vam-

pires and ghouls and afrites impotent as tombstones; bogies, brownies, pixies, elves, leprechaunes and oufes heaped up like dried vines; dwarfs, kobolds, trolls, and nixes lifeless as clods; ghosts, specters, and hobgoblins; spooks, wraiths, and boggarts pale and spent.

And, as I wondered, I saw a Woman with a Child in her arms, standing in the ashes of the palace of Wotan. And the Child spake and said: "Upon us has come the inheritance of all. After a thousand years of babbling, mankind has learned to speak the Word. For there have been lords many, gods many, and fears many; but to us there is but one God, the Father, who is Servant of All."

LAME AND LOVELY

THE AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

RELIGION AND THE MODERN MIND

The human race is incurably religious.

We are more religious to-day than were the Puritans, the Crusaders, or the mediæval ascetic orders.

To see this we must understand what religion is.

Religion is nothing more nor less than life, in its purest, most elemental form.

Jesus, the greatest of religious teachers, never used the word religion: he spoke always of life.

It was the fortune, or misfortune, of the cult of Jesus to be taken up by the Latin world.

The genius of the Roman was organization.

So the Roman world organized the Company of Jesus into the Church, patterned on Cæsar's empire; and the teaching of Jesus it organized into a body of theology.

It is interesting to speculate what the Christ

Company on earth might have been, if it had remained fluid, free, a spiritual leaven of open-eyed souls.

What if they had remained simply the spiritually elect, putting away the lust of conquest, either temporal or otherwise, refusing all endowments of money, erecting no temples, refusing all aid from the powers of this world, sticking stubbornly to the programme of Jesus and Paul?

It is useless to inquire. Such was not the plan of destiny, which has its own strange, slow ways.

Perhaps organization, institutionalism, and dogma, with their blinding quick success, are the kind of things the world can never understand except by living through them. Humanity had to have them, as a boy has to have the measles.

The opening of the Twentieth Century is marked by a change in the expression of ethical feeling.

The dynamic of Jesus is manifesting itself in terms of democracy, the removal of ancient privileges, the general rise in importance of the common people.

Socialism spreads in Germany, republicanism bursts out in Portugal, the House of Lords is clipped of its power in England, even China is in a ferment of democracy. Government everywhere is feeling the sun-rays of Jesus' influence.

In business more and more the principles of

justice, and the claims of "one of the least of these," characterize modern life.

In literature the tendency is to study the common lot, to reveal its divinity and dignity, as well as to put the best literature within the reach of the multitude.

In art humanity is recognized in Millet and Israels, while only saints and kings were thought worth while by Rafael and Michelangelo.

The great discovery of modern times is The People.

All this is precisely the spirit of Jesus. The Puritan, monkish endeavor to attain individual holiness, and to develop the sensation of religious ecstasy, apart from the world, was a half-Jewish, half-heathen idea, into which the genial, out-of-doors and social Jesus never fit.

With him religious emotion meant nothing aside from its altruistic vent.

Thinkers to-day, who have any sort of vision, are ceasing to confound Christianity with the Church. That was the mistake of most of the so-called "infidels" from Voltaire to Ingersoll.

Grant that Christianity and any one or more organizations or theological schemes are identical, and at once Christianity is indefensible.

It is only when we conceive Christianity to be a larger thing, a vast spiritual leavening, a kinetic spirit, of which the various churches are but one expression, but which in its entirety means apply-

ing the wisdom and feeling of Jesus to government, business, work, amusement, and all life, that we grasp the significance of Christ.

The Church, as John the Baptist, must say, facing him, "He must increase, and I must decrease."

The past deserves our reverence. It had its noble souls, its heroic ideas.

The past is the mother of the present. Out of the womb of its purpose the present has come with great travail. And one should respect one's mother.

But the past also must be criticised and judged, or we make no advance. We are to perceive and shun its mistakes, as every good son pleases his mother best in profiting by her experience.

To imitate the past in evil as well as good, for fear of being irreverent, is to live in slavery.

Blind ancestor-worship means Chinese stagnation.

With all respect, therefore, while we appreciate that vision of God which our forefathers had, represented in such spiritual splendor as that of Francis of Assisi, yet for our own and for our children's sakes we must condemn their religion as nine parts heathenism and one part Christly.

Through the murky air of monarchical ideas the pure ray of Jesus' democracy hardly pierced.

The spiritual energy of this day takes a different direction from that which it took in the days

before the dawn of democracy. We build no more cathedrals and monasteries; we build hospitals and public schools.

We go no more on Crusades to rescue the tomb of the Saviour from the unbelievers; we march against life insurance companies and railway combines for the sake of "the little ones" with whom the Saviour identified himself.

It is a fad to admire mediæval faith, as we admire mediæval stained-glass and picturesque castles. Carlyle and Chesterton both raise their voices to sing the glory of the "religious ages."

But the sole advantage of those times over ours is their perspective. It is "distance lends enchantment to the view." Study them, come close to them, and you will find that the religion of Dante's day, as Symonds said of its civilization, was founded on a dung-heap.

Their theology was based upon intellectual dishonesty. Their pious emotions were saturated with cruelty. Their faiths were the war-cries of party spirit. The religious wars in which they constantly engaged were infernal caricatures of that pure spiritual conquest Jesus set before him.

The flavor of the religion of the past is incense. The flavor of modern religious life is soap.

We are no more applying the gospel to the surface of the open sore of the world: we are treating the cause. We do not display our love for mankind by largess to the picturesque beggars by

the church door; we are patiently endeavoring to rearrange our business system and governmental system so that all may have a chance to work at living wages, and begging cease.

To-day we also, "for Christ's sake," are widening our parks, seeking to curb the irresponsible power of money, rescuing little children from stunting labor and putting them in free schools, giving women justice and equality instead of tyranny garlanded with sensuous poetry, going to live in settlements in the slums instead of building missions there, cleaning up Havana and Panama instead of marching against yellow fever with a crucifix, circulating literature and establishing education among the masses to enable them to govern themselves instead of training a few to govern them.

Never before in the history of the world were the fundamental principles of Jesus more appealed to. Never before have men so defied ancient and established fraud. Never has humanity seemed more worth while. Never have classes, castes, traditions and all vested humbuggery been so unsafe.

Daily newspapers let the dread light of exposure through courts and camps. Demos has a thousand eyes. Kings and presidents, old families and millionaires, must show cause before the fifteen cent magazines and the one cent dailies. The rats and bats that for ages have fattened on

human weakness and ignorance are greatly disturbed.

And what this age needs is to realize that *this is Christianity!*

This is precisely what Jesus meant!

We are actually doing, unconsciously, and all the better so, the very business of Christ.

For we read that when the young Nazarene came to his home town and entered the synagogue, the book of the prophet Isaiah was handed him, and when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written:

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the good news to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." And he added, as he closed the book: "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

Hundreds of earnest souls are doing this Christ-work who are under the dominance of the traditional notion that Christ is only to be found in some provincial, narrow organization. They need to realize that they, too, are of the Christ Company. They need to sing the ancient canticle:

> Doubtless, O God, thou art our Father,
> Though Abraham be ignorant of us,
> And Israel acknowledge us not.

It is they who form the real, invisible Church.

That Church is inherently unorganizable. To organize means to go in for money, influence and other forms of power over men aside from pure character, spiritual, personal influence.

You cannot organize religion any more than you can organize poetry.

No money ever helped Jesus' work in the world, no authority ever furthered it; just as no money or authority can hinder it.

The Church of Jesus is not "a mighty army." The whole military analogy stinks of cheap success.

All "campaigns," all efforts to raise money, to multiply church members, and otherwise to advance the cause of Jesus, as we would advance the cause of some candidate for President, display a blindness to Jesus' very nature and oft-repeated notions.

For, if you ask him, he tells you that his triumph is like a seed growing secretly, a lump of leaven, the coming of the wind; and he will tell you to beware of money, to refuse the seats of high authority.

Against the mighty organization of the Roman empire he set his personality alone. It was enough. The golden thrones have been tumbled down; the thunder of the legions is forever still; but the personality of the wise and gentle Son of

Man is the most powerful force in humanity now, two thousand years after.

Why can we not understand this? Religion is adjectival: it is not a noun. It is the quality of our work; it is not some special work. It is the tune of all deeds; it is no particular set of deeds.

The essays in this book are not to church members. They are to human beings.

They were not spoken in any temple; they were first printed in a newspaper.

In provincial days the church bell rang, and the neighbors gathered in the meeting house, which thus was the symbol of communal righteousness and aspiration.

To-day the ends of the earth are neighbors, by the printed page. The new congregation gathers about the newspaper, for better or for worse.

I am inclined to fancy that if Jesus were to come to-day he would come into the columns of the daily paper, and speak there, amidst the cries of advertisers, the contention of politics, the antics of the joke-makers, the parade of business; for there he would find that same common people that once "heard him gladly" in the streets of Jerusalem and the by-ways of Galilee. For his message is not of the temple, but of the street.

In the name and spirit of Jesus therefore I send these little preachments to the common folks, to all those who for one reason or another are groping, in the hope that something herein may make again

clear and dear to them those evergreen spiritual truths and emotions which are the chief beauty of souls.

The River of God runs through the streets of the city.

For a Chicago newspaper I once wrote, concerning Jane Addams of Hull House:

"There is a river the streams whereof
Make glad the City of God."
I went through death to find this thing
And all through heaven I trod.

Now heaven's a wide and wonderful place,
But the people are much as we,
So I came back home in sorrow and thirst,
And there one said to me:

"O fool, you have traveled far to find
What you've crossed over time and again;
For the River of God is in Halsted Street
And is running black with men."

"Then maybe Chicago's the City of God?"
Said I. "Perhaps," said he;
"For to find that City you need no wings
To fly, but eyes to see.

"And low in the rushes the river sings,
And sweet is its spirit lure,
For it waters the joys of loving and living
That grow in the hearts of the poor."

So I took me a place in the City slums
  Where the River runs night and day,
And there I sit 'neath the Tree of Life
  And teach the children to play.

And ever I soil my hands in the River,
  But ever it cleans my soul;
As I draw from the deep with the Silver Cord,
  And I fill the Golden Bowl.

LAME AND LOVELY

And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place by mortal passion, upspringing on the wings of parental love, appeared for a brief instant in his station, and, depositing a wondrous birth, straightway disappeared. And this charge was the self-same babe who goeth lame and lovely.—*Charles Lamb.*

At first thought we seem to be drawn toward one another by our excellences, but a little reflection will convince us that our truest attraction lies in our defects.

Man's "lower nature" has come in for hard knocks by nearly all moralists, but it is none the less the cement of our sociality.

As humanity is now constructed, it is hard to see how there could be any love, any family life, or anything at all, in life or literature, except the drabs and grays, were it not for the much berated animalities.

We speak of "the communion of saints," but is there not also a communion of sinners—are we not bound together by our lapses?

I do not write this in praise of immorality. I am no "devil's advocate." Over and over again whoever speaks of moral laws at all must sound the warning that what he says must not be carried too far; that, no matter what his truth, it is but half the truth; the other half abiding in the common sense, balance, and judgment of the reader's mind.

And truly this unity in fault may be pushed to the extreme indicated by Hawthorne in his "Marble Faun," where he speaks of the brotherhood of crime, and how all murderers, for instance, from them that slew Cæsar by Pompey's pillar to the last blood-guilty wretch named in to-day's paper, have joined invisible hands in spiritual kinship.

But the truth of which I speak is to be taken with care and niceness. Using thus due discrimination, we can get good out of the fact that practically all loveliness is lame.

Love does not leap toward perfection; it clings to imperfections. No class is so universally loved as babies, who are most incomplete. It is their helplessness that appeals; and all our affection rushes forth in response. So also a mother will love a crippled child more than a sound one.

Have you never observed how a little weakness in a hero brings him near? That story telling of Lincoln, which was the main accusation against him his enemies made, endeared him to the people. And not a little of his hold upon our tender-

ness is due, I believe, to his most unprepossessing of faces.

Washington never made a neater stroke to conquer "the hearts of his countrymen" than when he lost his temper that time in battle, and said things that are expurgated from school histories.

Whoever construes this as a recommendation of evil misses the point. For the point, the moral bearing, is this: That no person should lose heart and hope because of his mistakes. Slips, errors, and sins have the quality of lovely lameness only in those who struggle against them and fall because of their humanity. Not to struggle, but to turn and love and follow evil for its own sake, is not human at all; it is devilish.

To err is human, but not wholly. What is really human is to err and hate it; to sin and loathe ourselves for it, to slip and to be ashamed of our slipping.

And it is in this battling, this Alp-climbing, that characterizes the human soul, that its loveliness inheres. We admire those who are on the heights; we love those who are scrambling up, with torn hands, bleeding knees, doubting hearts, spent breath, full of fears—but climbing, climbing!

John has a light-giving saying: "Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that He loved us." Love is always from the higher to the lower, from the more to the less perfect. So the Christ was called "the Friend of Sinners."

Any soul that has genuine greatness, the kind of holiness that springs from grandeur of soul instead of from refined egoism, will ever be smitten with love toward the weak and passion cursed, and not with disgust. It is the mark of Jesus' majesty that he was drawn so mightily to our foolish and vice-shot humanity. Contempt has no place in a soul that loves.

How vain, then, our fears that our dead, who have been long in the pure perfection of heaven, may despise us! Directly the contrary! for the nobler they grow, by the side of him who loved the weak and wicked with so miraculous a passion, under his tutelage who put the sign of the cross upon the divine stooping to our lowliness, the nobler they become, I say, and the more they learn of the inward mystery of love, the more they stoop to kiss our blind eyes and to bathe our twisted wills and lusts with their tears.

"Lame, lame!" cry out all the heavenly host as they see this toiling band of mortals painfully writhing up the slopes of light, "lame—and lovely!"

THE UNIVERSAL CREED

Chi non stima la vita, non la merita.—He who does not value life, does not deserve it.—*Leonardo da Vinci.*

Men should be judged, not by their tint of skin,
The Gods they serve, the vintage that they drink,
Nor by the way they fight, or love, or sin,
But by the quality of thought they think.

—*Lawrence Hope.*

In the one universal church to which all good men belong, composed of those of all faiths who honestly live up to the best they know whether Christian or pagan, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, there is a certain fundamental creed. This, the greatest common divisor of all creeds, may be thus stated:

1. The good man sees, acknowledges, and believes in, first of all, the difference between right and wrong. When the word ought disappears from one's vocabulary he may be sure of moral decay. The one man abominable to any decent society is the man who thinks nothing matters. We can tolerate one, even, who doubts there is a God; but if one believes there is no line between

right and wrong, then, as Dr. Johnson said, "let us count our spoons when he leaves."

2. The good man believes that happiness will come to him, permanently, and as a law, only as he practices doing right. Joy, peace, and bliss are not to be cozened nor juggled from God or nature, but are the sure portion of them that persistently do what they think right. Doing right, of course, does not always bring money or fame or other external desired things, but it brings peace and poise to the soul, as surely as three times five make fifteen. There are no more exceptions to this rule than to a law of physics or of geometry. The cosmic accuracy runs in spiritual as well as in material things.

3. The good man's duty (in which he finds happiness) is first of all to develop his personality. God made him for a purpose; his joy will consist in finding and fulfilling that purpose. He is not to be some one else, not to copy; but, using all masters, to become more and more himself.

4. It is his duty to be strong. He can be of use to others only as he has force in himself. He, therefore, shuns all things that tend to weaken his arm, his brain, or his heart.

5. His duty is to be clean. This item of the creed is oldest and newest; oldest, in that cleansings were a part of every early religion, the commands of Moses, for instance, abounding in lustral rites; newest, in that the one lesson of modern

science is the power and safety of the antiseptic life. The devil's name, as far as bodily health and mental clearness and spiritual vigor is concerned, is dirt. Dirt is the one enemy to be hated with all one's soul and to be fought unto one's last breath.

6. His duty is to be brave. The basic sin of all sins is cowardice. The higher the realm of life in which we move the more dangerous is any kind of fear. And the most deadly of all fears is the fear of the truth, or the fear for the truth. Any man or institution that fights to preserve himself or itself, for the sake of "expediency," that is to say, for fear the truth might do harm, any man or institution, in the words of Zangwill, that proposes to live and die in "an autocosm without facts," is doomed.

7. His duty is to love. Although, according to the foregoing points in the creed, he is to develop self and be clean, brave, and strong, yet he is to find his motive for all this and the end for which he does all this, outside and not inside of himself. It is at this point that he rises, like an aëroplane leaving the runway on the ground and soaring aloft; here the man leaves the company and similitude of all other creatures. In his power to be actuated by unselfish motives he becomes as a god compared to the beasts. He lives for his wife, his children, his friends, his country, his race; so, in widening waves his radio-dynamic

flows. The good man, therefore, hates no living creature. He despises no human being. In him is a centrifugal power outflowing to inundate the universe.

8. From this love arise all graces and virtues as naturally as peaches grow from peach trees. Loving all he cannot soil a soul, nor wrong a fellow being, nor hurt wantonly, nor usurp, nor push for precedence, nor be unkind, nor in any way drift into the low, poison life of egoism.

9. His one aim, last of all, is to serve. Strong in himself, fearless and loving, he arises at length to the platform where stands he who was called "the first born among many brethren." He is the Master's companion and also can put away all cheap success, all luxuries of greed and dominance, and repeat his Master's words: "Let him who would be greatest among you be servant of all. I, too, come not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Over his grave may be inscribed what Anthony said of Brutus:

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

FRIENDSHIP

I call you not servants, but friends.—*Jesus.*

When a man says friendship I think he utters the deepest word in human speech. It ranks even a little higher than love, being a sort of unselfed love, love with the itch and hunger extracted.

We do not love our friends; we like them. We love our children, wife and parents, and kinsfolk. We like apples and custard pie and a cozy fire and a good bed and slippers—and our friend.

Like goes farther in than love. Like is a voice from the subconscious self, a cry from the inward and unknown me. It lies behind the will, beneath the judgment, in the far darkness of our secret soul.

It does not say that a wife cannot be also a friend; but she rarely is; she is usually an enemy, to whom we are most passionately attached. And if she be a friend, then that friendship has grown up from other sources, and is of a different texture and quality from the sex motives which make marriages. Not many women would tolerate comradeship from a husband. Perhaps this is as it should be, and nature needs fiercer fires for her necessary results.

Still rarer is friendship between parent and child. It is an amazing thing I have noticed here, how warm, intelligent and cultured father and son both strive for friendship and cannot attain it. Sometimes they succeed, but so rarely that it may be called a phenomenon.

Whence, then, come friends? And who are they? And how can one make them? All answers to these pathetic questions seem to me to be unsatisfactory, partial, insufficient, and by the way. The rules of the wise will not work. We do not make friends by being noble and good; friendship does not arise from similarity of tastes; and otherwise one can, in actual experience, drive a coach and four through all and any of the prescriptions of the proverbial philosophers.

The fact is that the secret springs of friendship are wholly mysterious. Searching for them we must report like the Louisiana sheriff reported on the back of a writ "duces tecum" which he had been given to serve upon a negro who had escaped into the swamp: "Non comattibus, up stumpum, in swampo." As I look over my friends I find I like them as a dog likes his master. So I conclude that this emotion must originate in some Newfoundland or St. Bernard region of my nature, and is probably one of those instincts not yet eliminated by evolution, something I share with dogs.

For all that I honor it as the best thing I am

conscious of. I am prouder of liking my friends than of any other of my small bunch of virtues. When I think of Bill and Lige and Al and Ralph and Newt I get a kind of warmth about the cockles of my heart no other contemplation can produce.

And the bitterest hurts I have ever felt are those made by the disloyalty of others whom I thought friends and trusted. Nothing is so salt and nauseous to the soul as the taste of Judas in the mouth of memory.

And it seems to me—for this, after all, is a sermon—that religion, rightly taken, is rather a friendship for God than a love to God; and that we would better translate all the Bible's admonitions to love God by the paraphrase to be friends with God.

To love God has a conventional sound; but to be a friend of God—that is a searching and swordlike word. It means to like Him; not to avoid Him; to seek His presence; to be at home with Him; to be cheered, consoled, quieted by the thought of Him.

Speaking for myself, I can say that I never came into this comfortable relationship until I had swept away all I had ever been taught, dared to presume upon the debt God had incurred toward me by making me, and took my rightful place as His son at His table.

It does not require any assumption of holiness or sinlessness to do this; it only needs to presume

upon the vast noble-mindedness, kindness, and forbearing wisdom of such a heart as Jesus reveals to us. It requires a tremendous burst of moral courage to believe God likes the kind of man I am; but I do believe it; and the result is the greatest ethical dynamic of my life—the friendship of God.

PREPARATION

Before an artist can do anything the instrument must be tuned.—*Henry Drummond.*

One way to open a locked door is to fall at it and scratch, kick, and shovel. A better way is to get the key.

In other words, pluck and force and will power are all right in their place, but they are far from being the only secret of success. They are downright silly without—preparation.

Knowing how is half the battle. Practice and study count. Skill and efficiency mean a long time getting ready. We are familiar enough with this truth in ordinary matters. We send boys to school and prentices to the shop, and would-be stenographers to night school. For we recognize that the untrained man these days has to get off the earth, there's no room for him. But we often fail to carry this primitive common sense over into the more serious concerns. We forget that one also has to learn—how to live. One cannot go at it tooth and nail. It is not to be stormed,

forced, and stampeded. It takes science, training, and practice.

The learning how is hard, always; but essential. The only things one can do without practice are over-eating, over-drinking, laziness, bad temper, selfishness, and general meanness, also uselessness. But the good things come hard. Take humility, rarest and noblest of virtues. The only road to humility is by being humiliated, which hurts.

The only way to patience is by self-restraint under irritation. If there is nothing to gnaw and worry and heckle us, then we never learn that beautiful art of patience. The only path to belief, that is, to the only kind of belief that is of any use to character, is through doubt. Faith is a product that is ground out of the mill of dismay, confusion, despair and struggle. Intellectual assent is cheap. The confidence that is a triumph of the soul over pessimism and fatuous reasonings is worth something.

The only means toward rest is work. It is to tired bones the bed tastes sweet. The soul can never enjoy letting go that has never hung on. Real placidity is the product of strenuosity.

So also the preparation for knowledge is love. Truth is not a lump of something a man may go and pick up. Truth is not any thing at all. It is relation, a quality, a shine, an odor. It is not perceived by the intellect; it is perceived by the heart; the intellect merely criticises and classifies it. The

secret of Edison's discoveries, and of Koch's, and of Marconi's, is love. Only love can see. It has the X-ray eye. And this is true in business, or science, or literature, or art, quite as much as in religion. Brains can amass truths and pigeonhole them and arrange them; only passion of some sort can find them out where they are hidden.

Sorrow, disappointment, heartbreak, bereavement, all such things are the anterooms of greatness. There is a state into which a man can grow where he resembles an ordinary man about as much as a fine thoroughbred horse resembles a broken-down hack horse, or as a big American beauty rose resembles a dusty weed. Nobleness of character, grandeur of soul, sweetness of spirit, no one can get these without being prepared.

Some of us have the ignorant notion that we could be noble if we cared to make the effort. We are like the man who, when asked if he could play the violin, said he didn't know—he'd never tried.

What a deal of getting ready to live is needed! A man never really learns how to live till he's ready to die. And if with most of us, all of us, life is a mighty getting ready, then it is a getting ready for—what?

It is this tremendous question that unlocks the door of death and gives us our surest hope of the life beyond.

THE INSIGHT OF LOVE

Faithfulness to us in our faults is a certain sign of fidelity in a friend.—*J. G. Holland.*

Love has been called blind. That is because it will not and cannot see faults.

So men have despised love and boasted of intellect, which, they say, can discern the truth better.

And herein men simply display their ignorance and show that they do not know what truth is nor what knowing is.

For a living truth, or the truth about a living thing, was never yet perceived by any brain. Mind can see dead truths, such as that two and two make four, or that here is a book and there is a man, and all such things that have to do merely with material and inanimate propositions; but truths that grow in the human spirit are only visible to the eye of love.

Whoever loves, sees; and whoever sees, sees only things lovely. For the soul of a human being is essentially beautiful, and only the love ray can reveal it.

This is proved by the fact that wherever we find love in its purest and intensest form you find always that it has this glorifying effect. In three instances you will find love at its best.

First, in the love of a mother for her young child. This affection cannot see evil. The mother kisses the crippled feet, yearns over the weak will, and sees beneath all naughtiness to a substratum of charm that is invisible to you and me.

Second, in the first love of a man and a maid. Here Puck has squeezed upon their eyes the juice of that same flower he used to make the fairy queen love the clown with an ass's head. No matter how gross or common to our unlit eyes the girl may be, her lover thinks her an angel. So this sex love, when raised to its spiritual potency, is the most wonderful of all discoveries. To the infatuated lover she has no faults; they are but eccentricities of divinity no one but him understands. He would not change her in any least way, lest she should cease to be she, and so be less a miracle. This is not folly, nor blindness. It is insight. For any one of us is precisely so beautiful and glorious and majestic, if any one could be found who would love us enough to detect it.

For awhile, at least, it is given to us, in the passion of youth, to see another soul as angels see souls. There never yet was love enough in this world. God send more! And to any lover we may speak those words of Wordsworth:

Thou blest philosopher who yet dost keep
Thy heritage; thou eye amongst the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal Mind!

The third instance is God's love for the human soul. The revelation of this, the emphasis he placed upon this, is Jesus' chief contribution to the happiness of the race. For, singularly enough, the reverse of all the creeds, is truer than the creeds. God's faith in me is more saturated with redemptive potency than my faith in Him. The thought that infinite goodness can and does love me is the flame that lights my love to Him; as it is written: "The spirit of a man is the candle of the Lord."

What the world needs is trust, or rather to be trusted. Slowly and through painful years and centuries of intellectual stupidity we are to learn that children are to be made better by believing in them and appreciating them rather than by flogging and scolding; that criminals can only be cured by trusting them, never by punishing them; that nations are best conquered by disarmament and defenseless confidence, more certainly than by armies; and that sinful men are to be won to worship and morality by revealing to them through love their own dignity as God's beloved, rather than by threats and curses; that while Sinai and the white thunders of the law drive men to despair,

Calvary and the revelation of divine love lift them to nobleness.

Love is not blind. Love is the only thing that sees.

MAN IS A SPIRIT

My little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me.
—*Macbeth.*

The final goal of all true culture is the liberation of man from the "sensual gravitation" which every one experiences in himself. Essentially as a creature of the senses man begins his course in this world, essentially as a creature of the spirit he should finish it here, and, as we hope, continue it in another world under more favorable conditions.—*Carl Hilty.*

"God is a spirit," said the Master, but for that matter man is a spirit also. We are all "spooks." The Bible says that no man hath seen God at any time, neither hath any man at any time ever seen a man. We are kin mysteries to Deity.

Carlyle relates how old Dr. Samuel Johnson, the grand mogul of English literature, used to go poking about strange places in Cock Lane looking for ghosts when all the while the streets were full of them, had he but known it; he jostled them daily in the thoroughfare, and the good doctor was himself a wraith, in a substantial envelope to be sure.

Because you have seen my clothes and face and hands is no proof you have seen me. I have never even found myself.

The first and most pregnant of truths is that we are essentially spirits, and we come into the better quality of living only as we recognize this fact and cultivate our spiritual nature. "To be carnally minded is death," said St. Paul, "but to be spiritually minded is life."

We enter the world as little animals; we ought to go out of it great spirits. An old man should be more beautiful than a baby, for the baby is but a charming animal, while the old man may be a lofty, wondrous, fascinating soul. That this is not the rule and that we dread old age shows that we have not yet learned what it is to live, nor realized the value of character.

To live, in the fullest sense of the word, is to find our aims and enjoyments in the spiritual plane. But spirituality must not be too narrowly defined. It does not mean an absorption in religious emotions. That is only one phase of it and too often overemphasized.

Whatever sets our pleasures over from the body to the mind, from the flesh to the spirit, belongs to our spiritual assets and helps give life poise and permanence and the quality of immortality.

The American people do not yet fully appreciate the moral and civic value of the arts. We regard music and painting as mere amusements,

good for those who happen to like that sort of thing. They rank a little higher than baseball. But we are mistaken. They belong to the assets of civilization. They assist in redeeming a nation from brutishness, from the rule of coarse lust, greed, luxury, and bloodthirstiness. They are a part of the "kingdom of heaven."

The love of nature, the power to get satisfaction out of the contemplation of the blue mystery of the lake, the splendid spectacle of the night sky and the stars, the loveliness of leaf, and tree and flower, the imposing majesty of mountains, the calm of rivers, and the moods of the great ocean are also distinct aids in bringing our lives up out of the slough of mere bodily desires.

Not that the body's appetites are wicked. They are good. God made them. But He also made hogs. They are simply low. They are good only as they are kept in their place. And more and more, as life unfolds, they should fall away. And they will if you will control them and discipline them. All their fiery forces will pass over into soul power just as the rotting mold sends its filthy juices into the plant stem to rise and become white lily petals bearing fragrance.

Thus beginning as animals we work our way up to our inherited privilege as spiritual beings in the wide, beautiful and healthful sense of the word. By cultivating the mind, by science, by art, by music, by the love of nature, by intercourse with

high-minded persons, we ascend out of the dirt into the sunlight of life.

Nothing is so valuable to assist us in this as an intelligent appreciation and reverence for God. We ought to recognize His spirit in His universe just as we recognize a man's spirit in his body. Out of a rational, sensible religion, communion with God and with good people we get what we find nowhere else, a constant nourishment for truth, love, honor, self-control, hope, and optimism in our hearts.

THE WASTE IN HATE

But I say unto you, love your enemies.—*Jesus.*

One of the most luminous observations upon hatred is that of Baudelaire: "Hatred is a precious liquor, a poison dearer than that of the Borgias, because it is made of our blood, our health, our sleep, and two-thirds of our love."

The main point to know about hate is that it does not pay. It is pure waste. It exhausts our vital forces and gives us nothing in return.

Baudelaire well calls it poison. For of all passions that lodge in the soul it has the most septic, heady, and yeasty quality. If we really hate a man, we ought to hate him too much to hate him.

That is, we should not be willing to give him the pleasure of making us unhappy; and we can surely cause him more discomfort, if he bears us genuine ill will, by letting him see that he cannot disturb our peace.

Why should I let my enemy rob me of my sleep? Why, for his sake, should I indulge in thoughts that are to me as black coffee at bedtime and give me a "white night"? I shall put aside

all feeling about him, even if it takes as much moral effort as a drunkard needs to refuse his liquor.

The word of Emerson, speaking of Lincoln, is to me the ideal of manhood, freed by its very greatness from the self-torture of resentment: "His heart was as large as the world, yet it had no room in it for the memory of a wrong."

More practical, more mundane, perhaps, but not less forceful, was the remark of the late Paul Morton, who answered, when asked if he did not like to "get even" with any one who had done him wrong: "I haven't time. I am too busy."

A friend was once swindled out of $5,000 by a rascal whom he had trusted. To the surprise of every one, he made no effort to prosecute the man. One of his friends asked him why it was that he did not take steps to get justice.

"Well," said he, "it's this way: If I should go to law I could possibly regain my money and punish the fellow; but it would take me about two years to get the case through all the courts, and in the meantime a world of hard feelings and feuds would be created. Now, I figure that I can make that five thousand, and more, by strictly attending to my business for those two years, and feel a whole lot better." This, I take it, is as good philosophy as was ever uttered in Greece.

To get rid of hate and its spendthrift results upon us, we must live upon the heights. It is all a

question of the plane upon which our daily thinking and feeling take place. To bear grudges, to harbor bitter animosities, to wish evil to any man, to look and hope for disaster to any creature, is to dwell in the lowlands, in the miasmatic swamps of life, and to breathe febrile and malarious vapors.

If we can, by a moral effort, pull ourselves up to the mesa, the highlands, where move such figures as Antoninus and Lincoln and Jesus; if we can rise thus to the point where we can feed our enemy if he hunger and give him drink if he thirst, we have the double satisfaction of triumphing over him, which is pleasant, and over ourselves, which is an infinitely greater pleasure.

Dr. Holmes calls argument the "hydrostatic paradox of fools"—that is, as water rises to the same level in a small tube as in a large reservoir with which it is connected, so to argue with a fool is to put him on your level. "And," he adds, "the fools know it!"

So anger and hate and all such heat against wrongdoers might be called "the hydrostatic paradox of malice," for to fall into bad blood against the man who has done us evil is to descend to his plane and to share with him his devil's brew of malignity.

Hate is destructive. Love is creative. Every angry feeling tears down something in us. Every emotion of love hardens our life fiber. In all animal life love is the creative instinct and hate seeks

annihilation. Nowhere does the pure wisdom of Jesus shine more refulgently than where he says (and he practiced it): "Love your enemies."

THE ESCAPE FROM SELF

Speak to the children of Israel, saying, Appoint out for you cities of refuge.—*Joshua,* xx, 2.

Every individual soul has a history very similar to that of society.—*Carducci.*

Among the ancient Jews they had cities of refuge. The rash murderer, not with malice aforethought, might flee to any one of these and be safe from the wrath of the avenging kin. They were a wise people who thus had prevision and made provision for their own weakness.

For a man's intelligence may be better gauged by his knowledge of his own shortcomings than by his consciousness of his own strength. And the one person against whose folly and enmity one needs most to guard is one's self.

I have therefore my own cities of refuge, whither I flee to escape my implacable enemy—myself. For this eminently respectable me, that I dress up in as good clothes as I can buy and would have all people think to be sober, high-minded, self-controlled, and good—yea, that I have even at times set up in pulpits and on plat-

forms and made preach and lecture to honest folk, telling them what they ought to do, is a fellow I should hate to have you know too well.

As there were three cities of refuge in Jewry, so I will give but three of mine, although there are others.

First and foremost is work. I work not because I like it, for I would rather spend money than earn it and I could loaf as thoroughly as the next man; nor because I need to make a living, for any one can knock off work and be a parasite; some one will always look out for the lazy as well as for the sick; but because I am afraid not to work.

In work I respect myself and am at peace with the infinite without me and within me. When at work I am Dr. Jekyll. I would not dare to start out merely to live a life of ease; I would be afraid of Mr. Hyde. Work is simply the salvation of the soul, not possibly in an evangelical sense but at least in common sense, because it saves me not from theological horrors I know nothing about, but from myself, which is a horror that "comes home to men's business and bosoms."

Crime in society is largely the product of leisure. Most of the ordinary moral lesions could be cured by sawing wood.

The second city of refuge is called order. I find that if I do not compel myself to system and regular hours I get nothing done at all. If I

worked only when I felt like it you could put it in your eye. The greatest humbug loose is inspiration. Perhaps this should be qualified thus: occasional inspiration is a humbug.

For the divine afflatus is a stream that runs in grooves, as indeed all emotions, to be strong and dependable, must be trained to come at certain hours. The heart has its habits. The world's best work, noblest poetry, and divinest prophecy have come through men who were pounding away so many hours a day.

Of course, out-of-the-way hints and whispers come at odd moments to souls, and man is not a treadmill; but one who depends upon feeling like it to do his work soon ceases to feel like it, he is weakening his will power.

By system you not only accomplish so much more but you get a peculiar poise and a blissful sort of contentment with yourself, the same sensation you get from seeing a swept and tidy room. An unordered day is like a cluttered desk or a frowzy woman.

The third city of refuge is called wife. Any man would be ashamed to tell how many vile and blackguard thoughts have made at him only to be warded off by this heart wall; how sometimes her presence and the touch of her hand give peace and avert a panic, as if an army with banners had moved to the succor of a beleaguered city.

A good bachelor must be either a strong and

noble man or a bloodless paste. Most of us are neither one nor the other; we are simply human, and a human man needs a wife as a locomotive needs an engineer, to prevent a wreck, as well as to make him go.

These cities of refuge and these arts and ways of saving one's self from one's self may throw some light, perhaps, upon the reason why there is inserted into the Lord's Prayer the petition:

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!"

THE LOVE OF WOMAN

Amor sementa in noi d'ogni virtute.—Love implants within us every virtue.—*Dante.*

L'Amour est un feu auquel s'épurent les plus nobles sentiments.—Love is a fire by which are purified our noblest emotions.—*Balzac.*

The universal opinion of mankind places the love to God as the chief motive force in morals.

Right next to this in importance and in power comes the supreme love of one man and one woman.

It may have its roots in the desires of the body, as a lily has its roots in the mold, but its flower and spiritual consummation is farthest removed from earthliness and has the finest ethical flavor.

It is amazing how many saints and councils and ecclesiastic polemics have regarded the love of woman in some way akin to evil. While religionists fulminated against the danger of soft smiles and laughing eyes to the soul, down in Provence the troubadours were founding a better theology, which crept over the Alps and touched one Dante, who perhaps more than any other genius has

rescued woman from the slough of sense and made her man's spiritual guide. The substance of his gospel was that it is woman whose soul awakens the soul of man to his kinship with God.

Michelangelo, in his sonnet to Vittoria Colonna, expressed it:

> For O! how good that God must be
> Who made so good a thing as thee!

The ancient Jews had their "court of women" in their temples, and the Mohammedans deny them souls; so also the hermits and holy anchorites prayed to be delivered from them.

If our civilization of to-day is better, and at least it is kinder and more humane; if we have penetrated into the core of all religion and found it to consist of no more nor less than emotional altruism (altruism with dynamic), the prime cause of our advantage is that women have assumed the spiritual leadership of the age.

In our churches it is "the court of men" that fringes the rear of the meeting; with us, contrary to Islam, we sometimes doubt if men have souls. I say if a man has become so entangled with institutional theology that he cannot tell whether or not he dare claim he loves God, let him love his wife. If that is not loving deity, it is the next thing to it.

I speak soberly. I refer to ethical power. Sin-

cere, loyal love between one man and one woman is to my mind a hundred times purer than that purity supposed to bloom in the unmated. A good wife is a better cure for unworthy thoughts than fasting and flagellation.

And equally good is a supreme exclusive affection in the woman soul. To utterly love one man, to choose him and cling to him "for better or for worse," is not to be called conducive to religion: it must be called religion itself.

This human love, romantic affection, which looks to marriage as its normal fulfillment, ousts sin in the best way sin can be ousted, by what Chalmers called "the expulsive force of a new emotion." It stops moral lesion by the most potent of moral antiseptics, love itself. It heals the diseases of the soul, not by the crude methods of bleeding and blistering, incantations and amulets, but by the rational scientific principle of "assisting nature to throw off the poison."

It goes to the seat of life and empowers there. It stimulates the white corpuscles of the spirit to devour and destroy all deadly microbes and dangerous bacilli.

It is significant that all through the middle ages men worshiped a woman with a baby in her arms. It is still significant that the most vigorous religious movement in this opening of the Twentieth Century is headed by a woman.

The dying Bunsen said to his wife, as she stooped to kiss him: "In thy face have I seen the eternal!"

THE MOTHER OF EVIL

The Mother of Evil is not Joy, but the Lack of Joy.
—*Friedrich Nietzsche.*

I am come that your joy may be full.—*Jesus.*

By a curious twist in the morbid nature of man the sunny gospel of Jesus Christ has often been construed into a shadow of gloom.

No one had a firmer hold on life, a sounder taste of its pleasure, a richer appreciation of the higher possibilities for joy concealed in existence than Jesus.

Unfortunately, he was an oriental, and by some strange will of destiny his cult first spread among occidentals. All his picturesque imagery, his poetry, his delicate, piercing shafts of intuitional perception, were hardened into doctrines and syllogisms, and his social truth, intended to permeate "like a lump of leaven," became a rigid organization.

We may have gained something—who shall say?—but we certainly have lost much. When you pluck your lily to pieces, scatter its odorous

petals on the ground, and transect with a sharp knife its swelling seed-sac, you may have added to your knowledge of systematic botany, but you have lost your lily; its grace, color, fragrance, and fruitfulness—and the flower was created for those.

And we may be sure there was some charm of life, some fullness of deep joy, that played like a felt radiance about his eyes and smile, that so drew to him the "multitudes," for the common people follow only what smacks of life. Most of all does our age lack in the realization of his warm humanity.

He came, he said, that our joy might be full. There is the cure of sin. It remained for Nietzsche, the declared enemy of our faith, to see it most clearly. "It is not joy, but the lack of joy, that is the mother of evil."

There never was a mortal sin that did not spring from an empty heart. What are all blasphemies but brutish, twisted prayers for inward peace? What are drunkenness and all fleshly naughtiness but the struggling of souls to fill themselves at the swine's trough of sensuality? What are cruelties and injustice and oppression but the attempt to stay the appetite for joy with poison and bitter passions? And, taking the whole range of human wickedness, murder, envy, hate, lust, theft, unkindness, and money-madness, do they not seem to be the cries and grimaces and wild gestures of starving gods locked out of the banquet

hall of truth, beating with bruised hands against the door?

Whoever, therefore, plants one pure pleasure in the garden of men, and teaches us how to eat thereof and not sicken, has helped to stay the open wound of human sin. We are beginning, these last days, to perceive that the way to make the world as good as possible is to make it as happy as possible, and not as miserable as possible.

Economists are commencing to understand that what makes slums is dark, wretched lives; what makes drunkenness and the social evil is emptiness.

Our new gospel is unconsciously the old one and the true one. We are trying to make the people's joy full, to save the people from vice and death. So in Jesus' name we may not be building lofty cathedrals, as they did in another age, but we are laying out parks, setting apart playgrounds for children, rearing a mighty public school system to shatter ignorance, promoting science to woo the truth, building hospitals for the sick, and asylums for the insane, and blind, and deaf and dumb, and feeble minded, transforming prison hells into sane reformatories.

We are extending art and learning and music and the drama and all civilizing pleasures more and more toward the common man, establishing libraries and making the best literature cheap and popular—all in the name of the Son of Man, to shunt the vast river of human joy that for cen-

turies ran only into the pools of the elect, into the broad lowlands of the people.

To this end all philanthropists, labor unions, socialist movements, democracies, scientists, and schools, march along different roads.

Law, repression, punishment, didactic warnings, and prohibitions, these do not cure crime; they do but "heal the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, crying, peace, peace, when there is no peace." Whoever will cure us, let him "come that our joy may be full."

MONEY

Quel bien lui en revient-il?—What good does he get of it?—*Bossuet.*

Since the dawn of preaching we preachers have been threatening rich men with our right fist—and extending to them our left palm. It is hardly to be wondered at that we find difficulty in being taken seriously.

And our advice has been so confusing that we have not had much effect. For now we exhort the youth to all the virtues, giving as an inducement the assurance that thus they will be enabled to get on; and again we turn to those that have gotten on and warn them of the danger of riches. It might well be asked, if riches be dangerous, why acquire them; and if virtues lead to riches, are they really worth cultivating?

It may be well, therefore, to set down a few common-sense facts in regard to riches and the relation of them to the moral values.

In the first place, money is simply the token or sign of our common human wants. It means

power, power over others, power to make our personality felt. No wonder we want it.

Again it means liberty. Poverty is a curse. It ties the hands. It binds the mind. It narrows the soul. One who has to sweat ten hours a day for bread has no time nor strength left to develop the higher part of himself.

Money means also a full life. We can gratify our cravings, whether they be for beer or art, for Paris gowns or Wagner music. With money we have a chance to grow; without it we are stunted.

Money, therefore, is simply concentrated—we might say canned—human value.

It naturally follows that it is good or bad, never of itself, but only as giving opportunity to its possessor. Here, then, we have the moral gist of the whole matter: money is simply—opportunity.

It unlocks the door and bids the cramped and chafing passion go and do its will. It liberates desire. Hence it simply emphasizes a man. If he is good he can now be better, having more scope; if bad he can, and probably will, be worse. If idle and useless, he becomes a living fountain of idleness and uselessness, poisoning others.

So, money is like any other gift; as beauty, which adds power to the person; or genius, which multiplies the efficiency of the mind and hand; or position, for kingship magnifies a common man to heroic proportions, in his influence on other men.

Now, the sole relation of morals to power of

any kind is this: that the moral sense adds to power—responsibility.

The root of any genuine moral feeling is altruism. Given any desire, it becomes moral as it takes a direction toward the welfare of other people: it is immoral exactly in proportion as it disregards others and looks only to self.

Wicked people, therefore, are those who live, think, and do for self alone; and that whether poor or rich. Whoever says, "I would like to be rich, for I could do so much good with my money," should examine himself and ask what good he is doing with the little he has. It is all a matter of relation. If one is not helpful and liberal on $40 a month, he would not be so on $4,000 a month.

In the ultimate realm of morals there are no commandments; there is only one test—do I live for myself or for others; am I altruistic or egocentric?

The dawdling smart set, flitting from bridge to matinée, from theater to bedizened restaurant, from the club to the horse race, are wicked; but no wickeder than the bitter poor who want to lead such a life, and who curse their lot because their selfishness is bound and chained.

To the real man, therefore, riches mean nothing at all, as to his character; it simply means an opening to give vent to his character. And a clear-eyed soul, that sees and realizes what responsibility means, is never eager for power and

opportunity. It is easier to be good in moderate means than in riches for the principal reason that it is easier to bear a small than a great load of responsibility. "It is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven," just because a rich man to be moral must be great. And, unfortunately, great souls are scarce among great fortunes.

The greatness of Jesus was not in his wisdom, magnetism, nor ethical perception, but in the fact that he was utterly altruistic; that is, he used all his powers not to advance himself but to help others. His tormentors unwittingly told the truth, and stated unknowingly his very secret, when, as he hung on the cross, they wagged their heads at him and cried:

"He saved others; himself he cannot save!"

POINTS OF SOCIAL DECAY

You are the salt of the earth. Put yourselves at the decaying points of social life and stop the putrefaction. —*Maltbie Babcock.*

Every man that has in him the health of sound principles, owes a duty to the mass of men of which he is a part.

All genuine conviction is militant. A sincere belief always wants to "go out and compel them to come in." It is essential to any honest faith that it desires to draw all others to it.

Truth is at heart intolerant; knowing itself, with a fierce certainty, to be unspeakably better than error.

In most things we know ourselves ignorant, children facing mysteries; so in most things we should be tolerant and liberal. But in the few things that we know through and through it behooves us to be hard as nails. On a question of the trinity or the miracles let us argue calmly—and endlessly; but on a question of decency versus indecency, or cruelty versus kindness, it is a word and a blow.

Hence, it is for every modern soul, who feels the strong truths of civilization coursing through his thought, to stand for them, against all comers. He who has the truth is salt. Error is putrefaction. Where wrong prevails in the social organism, let the man of salt thrust himself, as his duty to the universe.

Certain main points of decay may be mentioned; certain places where error is flagrant, fragrant, and stifling. First, it is the duty of every child of light to shine out against the ancient world fraud and inherited curse of militarism. Wherever the harpy-head of war-lust shows itself he ought to take a shot at it.

For war is the most monstrous putrefying agency on earth to-day, and that includes all military preparedness. Whoever believes in truth and justice should do what he can, in his small corner, to bring about the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

Again, every man of salt and health should do his utmost to break down caste wherever he finds it. Whatever system or organization or custom impedes the free rise and scope of the individual is a rotting point. All select classes, aristocracies, plutocracies, bureaucracies, and whatever schemes there may be for controlling the people or the wealth or labor of the people by a set of persons who are chosen by any other than the people, and who are not directly responsible to the people, are

germ centers of tyranny, and eventually always of injustice and cruelty.

All that devious thing we call graft is also a breeding spot of social disease. In whatever mask it appears, however polished, honored, and disguised, wherever one sees the fatal symptom of public office for personal gain he ought to denounce and oppose it. It may lurk in intricate tariffs, or sit smug in wigged courts, or blow like a sperm whale in dignified senates, or pervade as an invisible spirit the circles of business; but no matter where, how, or why it is, it is rotten.

In the nearer affairs of life we may safely lay down the rule that whatever threatens the integrity and happiness of the home life, where one man, one woman, and their children are gathered in the family, the oldest and best institution on earth, is foul. Whatever makes a good woman blush is septic. Whatever tends to make little children unhappy is poison. Whatever gospel takes the nerve out of men and discourages them, in its general effect is unjustifiable and depraved. Also, whatever or whoever loves and clings to a lie, to anything that he knows to be untrue, is pregnant with trouble and obliquity.

The only healthful, pure, sound, stanch self-cleaning, and exceedingly good and green growing thing under heaven or in heaven, among men or among angels, is—the truth.

REDEMPTION BY SELF-RESPECT

It is hard for a man to respect himself when he is denied respect by all around him.—*W. E. Channing.*

The foundation of character is self-respect. The citadel of virtue is a proper pride.

Out of self-contempt flow bitterness, suspicion, yielding to sensualities, and the acceptance of low standards. Self-respect is not egotism, but resembles it about as a good apple resembles a decayed one. Self-respect is sound, sweet, and healthy. Egotism is morbid and sore to the touch. Self-respect is tough; egotism is tender.

Call a child low, and bad, and lazy and you make him so. All accusation, and scolding, and punishment is unpedagogic. It never did any good. To punish a child by beating simply proves to him one thing, to-wit: that you are a bigger brute than he. The whole business of breaking the will, taking down the pride, humiliating and subduing people, is utterly immoral, and that whether applied to children or to grown people.

No human being was ever morally helped in his weakness or morally cured of his perversion by any other means save one—that is, by apprecia-

tion. It is that which reaches down into the soul and raises the prostrate will; that and nothing else.

Love is the only creative, healing force. Hate and all the arts and actions of hate are vicious. Anger and condemnation are devastating always. Hence our whole prison system is ignorant and the most fruitful manufactory of criminals we have. Prisons are holdovers from the dark ages. They are vile, stupid, and poison fountains in society. Any warden of the penitentiary will tell you convicts are not reformed in his institution; they are punished.

That means their self-respect is broken down by all the ingenuity of devilishness society will allow, and the self-despising wrecks are turned loose again on the people. Any system of justice that starts from the principle that a criminal is to be punished is unscientific, unintelligent, and immoral. Punishment simply means vengeance.

To send a criminal to the horror of the penitentiary is of the same grade as kicking a horse in the stomach because he shies or balks.

A criminal is such usually because he has lost his self-respect. And the prison ought to be a place where he can regain it. It ought to be a school for weak wills, a training house where human nature could learn a little dignity. It is refreshing to note that attempts are being made in this direction in some states with most encouraging results.

The worst blot on our civilization is that we

have made so little progress in the cure of the socially unsound. Our theology is practically past condemning souls to eternal punishment; but our actual sociological practice can still find no use to make of a depraved man but to vent our hate on him by sending him for from one year to a lifetime to a hell on earth. Society still has got no further along than to strike back when it is struck. But it ought to be the glory of organized justice to be free from this bestial heat for revenge and to do with the lawbreaker precisely what is for the best interests of the community at large. And those interests never demand that he be taken and hardened into a professional pervert, but that he be healed and set right.

That we do not know how to do this is ignorance and pardonable; that we don't try nor want to know how is disgraceful and unpardonable.

Jesus was right. Tolstoy was right. They were not crazy nor Utopian. They were in line with sound common sense and with the known truths of psychology. God help us! We apply modern science to transportation, and cooking, and lighting, and to all forms of business and comfort, but not to the cure of fallen self-respect, exactly where it needs most to be applied.

We have left off flogging children and have begun to study them. Let us leave off brutalizing and stunting men and women and begin to study how to help them.

THE SIMPLICITY OF MASTERS

La philosophie n'est que le retour conscient et réflechi aux données de l'intuition.—M. Bergson.

This sentence of M. Bergson, professor in the College de France and one of the most advanced and thorough of modern philosophers, has been called by Edouard Schuré "simple, conclusive, and immense, containing the whole future," and may be freely translated: "Philosophy is only the discovery by the conscious, reflective mind of what we already know by intuition."

Here, then, is the circle of wisdom, the return of truth upon itself; for all the deep, vast, eternal laws of life are woven into the very texture of the soul, and the old man, after years of search and wandering, comes back to the little child. Emerson said that "when God has a point to carry with the race He plants His arguments in the instincts," and Jesus' exclamation was to the same effect: "I thank thee, O Father, that Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes!"

It is only among the partly wise that we are fed

with involved and profound sayings; when we reach the masters, Epictetus or Socrates or Jesus, they talk to us in the language of the street and their sentences are homespun and childlike.

The fakirs are complex. Those who know but little and would seem to know much are mysterious. The masters baffle us by their plainness. The lights are turned low in the fortune teller's booth; Jesus taught on the hillside in the sun. The road to wisdom leads through and beyond all night shades of dim temples and sacred woods, into the dawn. The real truth is clear as the morning.

We shall come to poise and peace, therefore, as we learn to perceive and to follow the few great intuitions, and these we find best in children. Instead of trying to teach children, that is, drilling into them our stupid conventionalities and cowardly moral compromises, we ought to let them teach us; we should sit at their feet and observe their unconscious revelation of God's secrets.

Properly studied, children will teach us the three great arts of life—the art of joy, the art of faith, and the art of reverence.

From them we may learn, if we be humble minded and teachable, the art of joy, which consists in living like birds and flowers. The child is not afraid to be happy; he throws himself head first into what pleasure he finds, which is plainly the purpose of nature.

It is the philosophy and religion of grown-ups that set so much value upon misery. Of course, we can twist this truth into an excuse for sin and folly; the purer and truer the law of God the more dangerous it is in the hands of ignorance and perversion.

From children we learn the art of faith, which is merely the conviction that the universe and its forces are friendly. The child instinctively believes that all people are well disposed toward him; he has to be taught the adult facts of hatred and enmity and malice. The whole progress of the race is through fear and wars and distrust unto the millennium, which is confidence in the universal friendliness of men.

Through dark theologies and harsh political theories we are working our way to the ultimate child truth that to believe in one another and not to be afraid of neighbors or antipodes, and not even of the spirits of the air nor of the Great Spirit himself, is the ultimate solution of the problems both of government and of religion.

And we learn from children the art of reverence. That feeling of awe and wonder, inborn in the normal child, is the one secret of greatness in grown persons if they can retain it. From this emotion comes all poetry, all majesty of spirit, all grandeur of character. It is likewise the subtle cause of all morality, as well as of all the courtesies and decencies of life.

Can we wonder that Jesus, when the disciples were disputing among themselves who should be the greatest among them, took a little child and when he had set him in their midst said that, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not see the kingdom of God."

For the important affair is not getting into the kingdom, but seeing it, knowing what it is, realizing and recognizing it. And we see the kingdom in proportion as we "discover by the conscious and reflective mind what we already know by intuition."

THE RESERVES

Si succiderit, de genu pugnat.—If he stumbles, he fights on his knees. (*Motto for Will Moore's tombstone.*)

We have only to set the one annoying circumstance over against our whole relation to life to discover its insignificant proportions.—*J. Brierly.*

In Mrs. Burnett's charming play, "The Dawn of a To-morrow," a millionaire, disgusted with life and bent on suicide, wandering through a slum district of London, meets a street waif, a girl named Glad, who perceives his intent and turns him from it by her naïve philosophy, not knowing him to be a "swell" and thinking him but one of the underworld like herself, she advises him to "think of something else," whenever the suicidal obsession grips him.

"The Gospel of Something Else," as we may term it, is amazingly practical and fruitful in immediate, definite good results. There is always something else. The one distressing thing that threatens us may be dodged, not always literally, but always spiritually. We can get a man's body into a corner, but the mind cannot be cornered.

The most effectual resources are those within the soul. The great soul is the one with unconquerable resources. The thing that strikes us in Socrates is that Athenian spite, prison, and hemlock somehow do not touch the man, he is smiling within him superior to his enemies all the time. The Bhagavad Ghita speaks of those "inner treasures of the mind, on which depending one is not moved by the severest pain." Amiel says, "Rentrer dans l'ordre, se soumettre, et faire ce qu'on peut." [Get into step with the universe and do what you can.] Even death, that seems final to most men, is despised when it approaches Nathan Hale, for he brings to his rescue the overpowering odds of patriotism and is happy, regretting only that he has but one life to give for his country. We hear no shrieks and panic fears from General Wolfe as he dies before Quebec; as they assure him that the enemy flees he cries, "Then I die happy."

The moral grandeur of Jesus appears in this connection. Truly he has "meat to eat that his disciples know not of." He sets this small life over against eternity: "Rejoice when men persecute you, for great is your reward in heaven."

He escapes the harassment of the petty by refuge in the vast: "Take no thought what ye shall eat and drink: seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you." He even submerged death with

the flood of his inward glory, for he "endured the cross, despising the shame, for the joy that was set before him."

How much more effective we should be, how much steadier our hand, and accurate our judgment, if we would learn this secret! The most important thing in the world to me is the weather in my soul. Let it be sunshine there and calm day and the door of hidden flowers and I can front anything. No matter how terrible the trial to come, I have half won already if I can meet it serenely. And no matter what prize and joy may be given me, I have half spoiled it if I take it with a troubled and muddy soul.

Let us set down then in our books that we are absolutely unconquerable. Nothing shall break us. For it is only the one special thing that is my enemy: the universe is my friend.

While I have eyes, no one ugly thing shall distress me, for the earth and sky are crowded with beauty; while I have ears, no single sound shall irritate me, for the world harmonies cease not, and:

> There's not a star that thou beholdest
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young eyed cherubim.

While I have a heart no treachery nor coldness on the part of any one I love shall utterly cast me down, for there is true love somewhere, and for me, and if I find it not on this planet, still my

world is wider and none can rob me of the hope of some day meeting again those I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Our little earth is clasped by the majestic sky, our small planet is surrounded by an innumerable company of worlds, my insignificant body is one of a billion similar bodies now extant, my whole self and all my concerns are as a drop of rain falling into the Atlantic.

I take refuge in the infinite. O mine enemy, you cannot find me! I have hidden in the infinite. In peace I sing the words of Mrs. Browning:

> And I smiled to think God's goodness
> Flowed around our incompleteness,
> Round our restlessness His rest.

FERMENTING THOUGHTS

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that!
—*King Lear.*

The Greeks were right when they made Apollo the god of both imagination and sanity; for he was both the patron of poetry and the patron of healing.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

Have you ever noticed how thoughts feel inside your mind? Some are satisfying as bread, some fiery as pepper, some refreshing as water, some heady as wine, and some—and these are they I am going to treat of—lie in the mind's stomach heavy as lead, painful, nauseating, and making one sick of life.

These last are thoughts that ferment and do not digest. I once ate a ham sandwich at a railway lunch counter. I found no relief until the physicians had made use of a stomach pump, and I did not recover from the effects for a month. There are certain thoughts that act precisely the same way in the brain; they cause "mental gastritis."

In the mind's cellar everything must be kept sweet and clean, if we do not want to breed spiri-

tual fevers. As soon as an idea begins to "work" and spoil and sour, out with it! It does not pay to go about this bright world with something yeasting and seething in our souls.

It is the very best of foods that spoil the most quickly, such as cream, beefsteak, and butter. The cream, beefsteak, and butter of the soul are love, religion, and laughter.

So it is these things we must watch most carefully. Love, the very milk of life, is worth all that poets have written and fond and foolish heads have dreamed of it. But if love thoughts are going to "keep" and not play havoc within us, we must air our hearts often and keep them clean and be on the watch for the insistent microbe that dearly loves to multiply in a love "culture."

Love made Dante divine, but of Othello it made a crazy fool. Cared for intelligently and kept clean, love will give you a heavenly peace and glow—there's nothing like it; but if it becomes unclean and begins to spoil, you will know what eternal punishment is. Whether, therefore, love shall be a radiant shekinah or a driving ruin in the brain is largely a sanitary question.

Laughter is good. It may not save our souls, but it often saves our lives. It prevents insanity. But it is like butter. It must be fresh; likewise clean; also spread not too thickly over the bread of serious business.

No one can eat solid butter, unless he be an

Eskimo; and no one, outside a madhouse, can laugh all the time. Some of the saddest people I have known have been those whose only business was to find something to amuse them.

And religion. This is man's greatest passion and privilege; hence, also his greatest danger. Sometimes it is a blessing, and sometimes it seems quite the opposite. It will inspire a Francis of Assisi to amaze the world with his love, a William Booth to lead an altruistic army into the slums, and a Father Damien to consecrate his life to the lepers; and it will strengthen men's moral sinews, cheer their hearts, brighten their faces, and cause them to be a sun ray to their fellows and to triumph over death.

And again, sad to say, it seems to make others morose and dark-souled, narrow and bigoted, contentious, and even cruel. As was said of liberty, so it may be said of religion, "What crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Whatever may be your faith—and every man, even so-called infidels, have a belief of some kind —I wish to make one suggestion: Keep it sweet! Rest assured that if your belief makes you crabbed and pugnacious, or critical, or morose, then it is bad. No matter what your creed is it ought to bring forth the one flower that makes any creed worth while, and that is amiability.

Clean up or cast out every fermenting thought, whether uncleanliness or distrust, the memory of

a wrong or the apprehension of disaster. Feed your mind on clean, sweet, wholesome thoughts. Above all, do not indulge in self-pity, most horrible of all mental toadstools!

"Keep thy heart," said the wise man, "with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life!"

RELIGIOUS VALUE OF A SENSE OF HUMOR

Humor has all along been the candid friend of religion. It has done more to hasten the disintegration of narrow religious conventions than all the German commentators together. Humor is a religious force in that it discounts fictitious values and minimizes the petty rivalries of existence.—*Richard Le Gallienne.*

"Who can reply to a sneer?" asked a theologian. The answer is plain; whoever cannot resist a sneer had better look to his position. For the most searching, merciless, and effective thing in the world is humor.

"The tragic poet rolls the thunder that frightens," says Landor; "the comic wields the lightning that kills."

There seems to be something in laughter that is directly opposed to the reverence and awe of religion. But for that reason wit has all along been for piety a most necessary, if bitter, physic.

The higher moods of the soul have always a tendency to grow unhealthy. It is but a step from the sweet ripe to rotten; and spiritual ecstasy has

more than once, in the world's sad history, run into refined sensuousness, also into the worst of tyrannies and cruelties. And what an argument or a scripture text could never reach has been transfixed by a smile. The walls of many a spiritual Jericho-folly that have withstood laws, arms, and reasons, have tumbled at the sound of laughter.

But the best quality in humor, for individual use by the saint, is its inherent sanity. People deep in love do not laugh much because they are quite crazy. Egoism, in its overdevelopment, when it becomes a besetting sense of dignity, when it makes one feel he is a great and misunderstood man, laughs little, because that also is a form of insanity. The religious bigot is most monstrously serious, for the same reason.

When we say a sense of humor has religious value we do not imply that it is a divine or heavenly thing, for it is not. But it is something fully as necessary; it is most human. And what religion needs as much as heavenliness is humanness.

When one looks abroad in this comfortable world and sees the infinite amount of play and unmixed fun which its Creator has written into it he can hardly resist the logical conclusion that God is not so utterly sober as we have been led to believe. "Who," asks Dr. Holmes, "taught the kitten to play with its tail, and the canary to perk its head from side to side while singing?" It can hardly be irreverent to conceive of Him who

planted such capering instincts in all young things, in romping poodles and leaping lambs, in birds and insects and children; it cannot be a sin to think of Him who ordered this, and made the blithe morning and all morning feelings, as being jocund, and having somewhere in His mighty mind a strain of mirth.

Humor, of course, is not always right. Everything human has its perversions. There is a devil's glee, there is the snicker of the gross and fleshy, and there is that goatlike inanity that would caper on its mother's grave to raise a grin. But let such things have their day. Our deepest reverences do not hear them, our real purity cannot see them.

The humor of a kindly heart, the friendly wit that is the bubbling over of a full humanity, the surgical smile that lances our too sickly sentiments, the sunny laugh that with its genial broadness rebukes our narrow thought, the disinfectant raillery that purges our egotisms, these are all friends of man and true him to life and destiny.

If it be, as Carlyle says, that in the center of worship is sorrow, it is no less true that all about its edges is a fringe of humor.

He is our friend who makes us weep for our sins, and he is not our enemy who makes our follies ridiculous.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD AND BAD

Hast thou reflected, O serious reader, Advanced Liberal or other, that the one end, essence, and use of all religion, past, present, and to come, is to remind us of this only, of the quite infinite difference between a good man and a bad?—*Thomas Carlyle.*

With microscopic vision, Carlyle has here seen the rock bottom on which rest not only all religion, but all ethics, morals, and decencies.

The thoroughly bad man is not the one who, like Lucifer says, "Evil, be thou my good!" He is the one who denies the distinction. Goethe's Mephistopheles was a better Bad Man than Milton's Lucifer; for Milton's hero of darkness sulked and raged and rebelled; Goethe's smiled. The highest impiety is not a blasphemy; it is a smile.

The wickedest people are not they who celebrate the black mass and dance in witches' sabbaths, are not the Ingersolls speech-making against theology, nor the Nietzsches couching a lance against morality itself; all these are as orthodox as the narrowest saints. In fact, when a man sets

out to demolish Christianity he really joins the most absurd corruption of it he can find, by assuming that the peculiar distorted sect he selects is true Christianity. Hence all the so-called militant "infidels" are really the friends of our faith, since they help to purge it of its diseases.

But our real foe is Gallio, who "cares for none of these things." Morality and immorality do not concern him. He will not discuss the place for the line between good and evil. He has rubbed out the line.

The rebel and the king's troops both believe in the same flag; one is for and the other against it. So the deserter and the good soldier both have the same standard, which one runs from and the other toward. But it is the same flag.

Even so, the thieves and drunkards and wicked women, and all the soiled and vagabond crew we are wont to look upon as the opponents of the good and pious, are not they with whom religion's danger lies. In fact, they are not far from the kingdom. Did not Jesus say that the slum peoples would enter into the kingdom before the Pharisees?

The actual danger to religion is found among the so-called "emancipated." Those who hold that white is the same as black if you have the right point of view, those to whom nothing matters, those who have made of science a means to rob the soul of its power to blush, and have re

duced conscience and its motions to atavism and molecular gyrations, these are "our friends, the enemy." A shallow wading in science is likely to bring on such a moral anemia.

Bacon tells us that a little knowledge bends men to atheism, but deeper goings bring them about to religion. And Tennyson warns his too sciolistic age:

> Hold thou the Good, define it well
> For fear divine philosophy
> Should go beyond the mark and be
> Procuress to the lords of hell.

If there is any one thing that the wisdom of all humanity, east and west, has beaten out of the mixture and confusion of human hearts and events, if there is any one pure, golden truth upon which a man may leave his life and risk his destiny, it is that the word "Ought" has a meaning, that in the sense of right and wrong is hidden the fundamental truth about God and the hereafter.

Out of all the whirl of arguing sects, the speculation of philosophers, the doctrines and counter doctrines of divines, this one solid and wholly unshakable bit of rock emerges as the one fit thing a soul can afford to build his house upon, to-wit: that right is right and to live by and to die for, and wrong is wrong and to be hated and fought with all one's mortal might.

That is religion; the rest is trimmings.

CHILDLIKENESS AND CHILDISHNESS

When I was a child I spoke, acted, and thought as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things.—*Saint Paul.*

Verily I say unto you, except ye be changed, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Little children, of such is the kingdom of heaven.—*Jesus.*

An ancient proverb warns us that we should not expect to find old heads on young shoulders; to which it may be added that we seldom meet with that unnatural combination but we feel a strong desire to knock them off; merely from an inherent love we have of seeing things in their right place.—*Charles Dickens.*

I once had a silly book, compiled by some rabid bibliophobiac, and entitled "The Contradictions of the Bible," in which were arranged in parallel columns those texts which seemed to contradict each other, each sentence being set opposite its negative. The whole work was based upon the error that a contradiction is equivalent to a lie. The truth, however, is quite the contrary. Con-

tradictions are the favorite method of wise teachers; they are numerous in Socrates and in Bacon.

Emerson said that "consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen, and philosophers, and divines." And I have known but two classes of people who were absolutely consistent—idiots and dead men.

The fact is that when you find a contradiction in a wise man or in a wise book, you will usually find midway between the two clashing statements one of the choicest morsels of truth, and one which could not have been expressed half so well in any other way. For often when a truth cannot be directly come at by a positive declaration, it can be, as it were, pointed at by two counteracting assertions.

In the quotation above, the apostle indicates that when one grows up he should cease to be like a child; while the Master declares that except we turn and become a child we are lost. And the confusion of this is but seeming, for it may be loosed and made into common sense by two words that are in our mouths every day—to-wit: the words childlike and childish.

To be childlike, says Jesus, is to be great. I have seen some great men in my time, and have tried to learn something of their secret; and I have never known one who was not simple, approachable, and with a child heart. Great speech is always plain, lucid, and direct. Great art is least

ornate. Great emotions are downright. Whereas pettiness of all kinds is sophisticated, smart, adorned, perfumed, and jeweled, or wants to be.

Childishness is another matter. About nine-tenths of what we call sin is mere childishness, undeveloped morality, arrested ethical growth, a persistent child longing for gingerbread and gewgaws, an inability to appreciate the future, and a readiness to sacrifice the future always for the present.

Note some of the childish things which we are to put away. First of all is crying, the most characteristic of all child faults. Analyzed carefully, crying is found to consist in this: the gaining of what we desire by the use of our disagreeableness. It is the weapon of weakness. In adults we call it complaining, or pouting, or sulking. How many a woman gets her way by "the tyranny of tears"! And how many a man rules his house by sheer surliness! Such are but grown up "bawl babies." It is almost worse than wickedness; it is meanness, and utterly despicable. Pardonable in a child of six, it is unpardonable in a big, bewhiskered hulk of forty-six.

Another trait of childishness is the desire to "show off." Vanity, and love of notice, and the hunger for admiration are cunning enough in little Mable in short dresses and baby curls, but when Mable becomes Mrs. Q. K. Philander Jones, age thirty-five, and is president of the Ladies' Aid, and

the mother of four children, and the wife of the leading grocer, it becomes her mightily to "put away childish things," and especially the desire to preen and prance, and occupy the spotlight. Modesty and a modicum of humility ought to come with maturity.

A child, too, is naturally egoistic in his instincts. Every child seems to be a born predestinarian. I have had children at my own table, and I know that each seemed to believe, as his inborn creed, that he alone was predestined from the foundation of the world to have the largest piece of pie and the choicest portion of chicken. When we grow up this egocentric trait also is to be put away. A man ought to learn, with years, that "there are others."

But that element of the child view which, if retained, works most havoc in us is, as I have hinted, the lack of power to visualize and realize the future. When a baby wants a thing he wants it now. The one thing he cannot do with grace is to wait. The present, the actual, hems him in and dominates him. With years ought to come that strongest increment of spiritual power, the ability to see the unseen; that is, to see how our acts will affect others, how the future. The greater a man is, and the manlier, the more he weighs these invisible motives and is governed by them.

For what is all defiling greed, and theft, and treachery, and sensuality, and spite, and fraud, but

a reaching forth of sightless and infantine desire, ignorant and heedless of the unseen thunder and lightning of the moral world? And what are heroes but they who in one form or another, in quiet domestic sacrifice, or in business integrity, or in patriotism, or in religious devotion, have "endured the cross and despised the present shame for the joy that was set before them"?

Children are sweet, almost divine, even, in their innocent little shortcomings; but it is because they are children. The wisdom concealed in the two contradicting texts given above consists in the truth that there is, in grown persons, a vast difference betwen childlikeness and childishness.

PRAYER

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will prevail to make!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong?

—Richard Chenevix Trench.

The gist of the prayer is not asking, but communion. So the test of prayer is not the getting of what we ask, but the sense of the presence of Him of whom we have asked it.

Therefore, all "remarkable answers to prayer," all instances where the thing sought came to surprise the seeker, and all faith founded upon such arguments, contain an element of peril to the thoughtful and well-balanced mind.

For the intelligent believer in God must always conceive of the universe as under the control of one all-wise will, who knows vastly better what ought to be done than we; and the last thing such a believer would wish is that this all-wise will should be set aside, or influenced in the least by his ignorant will.

The first of all prayers, therefore, and the one

prayer which contains the seed of all other prayers is: "Thy will be done."

This does not all imply that we are to ask God for no favors, such as rain or good crops, health or good fortune. In fact, nothing is too small or insignificant to ask God for, if it is significant enough for me to want.

Why, then, ask Him for anything, when He already knows best, and our only wish is that He do as He pleases?

Right here many have become hopelessly puzzled and have given up praying. But the solution is a simple one.

It is best understood by an illustration. God is to us as we are to our little children. We do not give them all they request, but we wish them none the less to keep confiding in us their wishes. In other words, we should feel very bad if, because we after all are going to do as we think best for them, they should be piqued and never speak to us again.

The thing we want of our children is precisely communion with them. We want their confidence, friendship, presence and prattle.

So the thing God wants with us, and that we need from Him, is the mutual presence, consciousness, and friendship between us.

The asking for things is simply one phase of this communion. The refusal of them, as well as the granting of others of them, is a part of our

education; even as the instance wherein we decline our children's requests is a part of their training and reveals to them in time our nature.

Prayer, therefore, is simply an attempt to feel God. It is the opening of the heart to let in the infinite. It is the union of a man's highest will and consciousness with his loftiest conception of goodness, nobleness, and beauty.

Any man who leaves off praying is doing himself a distinct harm. There is no possible excuse for it. If he has fallen out with his church, or with all churches; if he is incapable of accepting recognized creeds; if he doubts the sincerity and believes in the delusion of many of those who claim sanctity; all these are no reasons why he himself, in his own way and in his own heart, should not seek to know and feel the infinite.

The presence of immense and age-long institutions who are supposed to be the guardians of all the truth about God, renders it difficult to think originally and simply on the subject. But whoever will have the courage in his own manner and according to his own light to try to cultivate a sense of God and to come into personal relations with the infinite will and heart that is above and in all things, will find his life lightened, ennobled, and given great strength and poise.

And the more a man feels that he is what is called a "sinner," the more he is conscious of having done what he should not, and of coming

short of his own notions of rectitude and purity and an ideal life, the more he needs to cultivate in his secret moments the feeling that he can talk it over with the invisible Spirit. It is exactly the man who is conscious of his unworthiness that the spirit of God most easily enters. It will repay any man to keep up what Jeremy Taylor called "the practice of the presence of God."

It may not imply that he join this church or that, nor subscribe to this or that creed, but it will mean for him a sweeter, richer, solider, kinder, and happier life.

THE SIN OF SENSITIVENESS

Blessed are the poor in spirit.—*Jesus.*

The thirst for applause, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones.—*Ruskin.*

If we examine sensitiveness under the microscope we shall find it to be no more nor less than a variety of egotism. The sensitive nature is simply one that is too much occupied with self. That way madness lies, ever.

I suppose no more exquisite torture has been devised by the evil one, at least in this world, than the endowing of a highly organized, keenly perceptive person with a too large self-consciousness.

In Galsworthy's "Fraternity" such a character is drawn with wonderful accuracy by that master, in Bianca Dallison. Here are a few of his touches: "It was Bianca's fortune to be gifted to excess with that quality which, of all others, most obscures the real significance of human issues.

"Her pride had kept her back from her husband, till she felt herself a failure, and her pride had so revolted at this that it led the way to utter

estrangement. Her pride even prevented him from really knowing what had spoiled their lives —her ungovernable itch to be appreciated. This was the tragedy of a woman who wanted to be loved slowly killing in the man the power of loving her."

Of all the unlit and tortuous places in this world the human heart is darkest and farthest past finding out; and the heart of an intelligent, cultured egoist with delicately strung feeling is worst of all. The only remedy is the persistent effort toward disinterestedness.

We approach peace only as we leave ourselves and come to humanity. No self-forgetful person is ever sensitive. No self-forgetful person is habitually unhappy.

This sin of sensitiveness—and we ought to face it as a distinct sin, a thing never to be boasted, always to be ashamed of—takes many forms. Some of them are of that most dangerous kind, the kind that resembles virtues.

For instance, self-examination. There is a sort of luxury in probing one's own heart and handling our faults, like the pleasure of pressing upon a sore tooth.

Conscience may descend to be a species of moral indigestion. Copybook philosophy and teachers of moral platitudes commend this self-scrutiny. But as a rule it is vicious. As with our bodies so with our spirits, the healthiest are those that are

the least tampered with and worried over. The noblest soul is the one that is unconscious either of nobility or ignobility. The righteousness that knows itself and the sin that knows itself are akin —both bad.

Another and common form of this protean soul disease is self-depreciation. Wordsworth hits it off:

> There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
> And inward self-disparagement affords
> To meditative spleen a grateful feast.

I wonder if the housewife knows how uncomfortable she makes the guest feel when she preludes her dinner with apologies? And does the young lady know what an egregious, conceited minx she seems to all simple and normal souls when she will not begin to play the piano or to sing until she has rehearsed her limitations?

And there be those women who are forever slandering their own appearance, and men forever decrying their own ability. This is not humility. The one blazing beauty of humility, genuine, is that it forgets itself, that the one being it will neither blame nor praise is self.

And worst of all phases of sensitiveness, perhaps, is self-pity. Worst, because of it is born a deal of plain wickedness. The man who is sorry for himself is not far from smashing law and conscience for his own dear sake! Of all slops into which a manly man or a womanly woman ought

not fall the maudlin kindness for one's own poor soul is the most disgusting.

I am sure if we stop to reflect that the whole troop of degenerates, the murderers and thieves, and sneaks and unclean, are uniformly sorry for themselves, we should hesitate about allowing ourselves to drift into such company.

Sensitiveness, and all egoisms, are not forms of self-respect; they are the opposite of self-respect. They are self-defiling, self-condemning, self-destroying.

The only religious, sensible thing to do with this precious *me* is to forget him.

THEY ALL DO IT

Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to eternal life, and few there be that find it.—*Jesus.*

I believe that, although none other follows the doctrine of Jesus, and I alone am left to practise it, I cannot refuse to obey it, and that it will give me in this world the greatest possible sum of happiness.—*Tolstoy.*

Let us, at least for the moment, consider this shattering statement of Jesus, not as describing the difficulty of getting into heaven when we die, but getting into any sort of success, efficiency, and poise of soul while we live. Look at it once, not as a day-of-judgment decree, but as a simple law of our human nature.

That law is that whoever gauges and models himself after other people is on the road to deterioration and eventually ruin; that all real moral advancement and true success is solitary and along "the lone trail."

Men go to the devil in crowds. One goes because the rest are going. The boy gets drunk

because he does not like to refuse "the fellows." The politician steals because he hears they all do it.

In fact, the devil's other name is "They-all-do-it." A girl becomes bad usually trying to keep step. Almost all vice is social; almost all righteousness that is of any account is purely personal.

The real gist of any kind of genuine salvation, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, is that a man has formed a partnership of two, himself and God, against the universe and all that dwell therein. Saving one's soul is, in its last essence, a sort of a declaration of independence, a sworn allegiance to one's own inner, individual convictions and ideals and renunciation of all outside authority.

This makes plain why the Bible tells us to beware of the world. The world means the mob—other people. The prince of this world is one of the names Jesus gives Satan. He is "Mr. They-all-do-it."

When the devil was cast out of the Gadarene swine he confessed his name was Legion. God is one; the devil is the many.

The truth of this appears in ordinary business. The kind of clerk that is hardest to find is the one who simply does what he ought to do. Says Kipling:

Creation's cry goes up
From age to cheated age,
Give us the men who do the work
For which they get the wage!

It is a pity, but true as gospel, that the average servant is inefficient, the average mother incompetent, the average business man incapable, the average actor a poor one, and the average preacher a bore.

In fact, the average of any class of men is below the average, so to speak. The world's work is carried on by makeshifts. If any man will train himself properly and correctly perform the duties of his calling, whatever it is, he will find that people call him a remarkable person, unusual! extraordinary!

If you want to amount to anything, follow the gleam, satisfy yourself and not others, go in for your own self-respect and not the admiration of the crowd. The curse of many a youth is that he has been content to do as well as those about him.

You have heard possibly many a sermon on "What shall I do to be saved?" Here is one on "What shall I do to be ruined?" and it is a short one: Do nothing! Follow the crowd. Aim for the average.

"For wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that walk therein."

THE PRACTICAL USES OF DEATH

It is expedient for you that I go away.—*Jesus.*

The neighborhood of the tomb enlarges the mind. The proximity of death sharpens the perception of truth.—*Victor Hugo.*

"Pragmatism," says Papini, one of the Italian exponents of this new-old philosophy, "lies in the midst of our theories, like the corridor in a hotel."

Which means that, in whatever secretarian or partisan chamber you live, you must come down to pragmatism if you want to go anywhere.

In other words, we do not need so much to explain and to theorize over the facts and mysteries of life as we need to know what to do with them. The greatest question about anything is not "Why is it?" but "What will you do with it?"

And right here is where death commends itself to the highest ideals and sweetest instincts of mankind. Its function is to be the revealer of what is worth while in life. Quite apart from the conventional religious teachings about the hereafter, the fact of the irrevocable separation involved in

death, the coming of its dread, silent footstep into the house, casts certain clear, sharp lights upon all human values.

There is this in the atmosphere of death: Reality at last stands revealed. Whatever be the future beyond the grave, when we stand by the cold silence of one whom we knew in the warmth of love, we can have but one supreme wish—that our dealings with the lost and gone had been more unselfish, more forbearing, more loyal, nobler.

You may have fumed and fretted with your child in the heyday of earthly events, but when you come to fold the stiff fingers for the last time over the little breast you ask yourself how much your worry and fret and petulance were worth.

In this garden of death bloom the rarest flowers of life. Here are humility and gentleness, forgiveness and forbearance, sympathy and goodness, reverence and awe.

Why, if no one ever died, if the human herd lived on and life had its rude way forever unchecked, we should grow hard and merciless and cruel, our vices instead of being but poison flowers would become sturdy upas trees, and all the gentler elements of character would take their flight like frightened fairies from a midday wood.

Death, after all, is not harsh and monstrous. He is the sweetest, loveliest prophet of nobility.

We touch the infinite mystery at two points,

birth and death. And it is the little babies and the dying men that continually link us to those higher qualities of soul which pertain to the better kind of life.

But the greatest lesson of all which death has for us is the truth about love. Here where the coffin stands there can be no doubt any more that love is "the greatest thing in the world." Here the last wretched excuse we made ourselves for our impatience and our fretfulness disappears ashamed.

Here there is no longer any doubt that it is better to give than to receive. Here our miserable pride and egotism shrivels and expires like an accursed Mr. Hyde.

And here we see things. Here the greed for wealth and luxury and power stands unmasked in all its salt, leprous reality. In the calcium light of death we know, we know, through and through our souls, that love was best. We need no minister to read: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and though I have all knowledge, and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned and have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

There is a pocket in the shroud. But it only holds a handful of love. This then is the practical use of death. It solves no speculative problems, it tells us nothing about the mysteries beyond, but death does show "clear as the sun, fair as the

moon, and terrible as an army with banners" that honor and truth, virtue and humbleness of mind, loyalty and purity—and love are the things worth while.

OTHERWORLDLINESS

What the writer, the teacher, the pastor, the philosopher, has to do is to defend humanity in man.—*Amiel's Journal.*

Said Jesus once: "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." And men have forgotten the second in striving to realize the first part of his saying. That is to say, in reaching for otherworldliness they have overlooked the manner and pattern of it, the life of the Master himself.

There has always been a deep conviction that the man of religious conviction ought in some way to be different from ordinary men. This is a sound and true feeling, but in what bizarre and amazing shapes it has been worked out! To mark the difference between a God's man and a world man one will wear a yellow robe and live on begged rice, another will shave his head, another wears a uinform and a poke bonnet, another wears a broad hat and drab garments, another uses no buttons but hooks and eyes in their stead, another sings no songs but David's Psalms, another will

use only Latin in worship, some shout and leap and some sink into ascetic silence, and thus in a thousand ways our poor humanity has tried to be "not of this world" so as to secure the approval of God.

And when we brush aside all this mixed and marbled history of human headiness and return to the Master's words, how simple they are and how absurd seem our vagaries! For he says that it is "even as I am not of the world" that we are to gauge and set our pace.

And how was his unworldliness? Did it consist in strange apparel, or a pious tone of voice, or ascetic withdrawal from his fellows? Not in any of these outward things. For he dressed as far as we know precisely as other carpenters dressed; he mingled freely with sinners, in fact, preferred their society to that of the saints of his day, and in all of the points where we in our folly have tried to be unlike the world he was exactly like the world.

His unlikeness to the common run of folks lay wholly in his spirit.

In the midst of a society where the leading religionists (the Pharisees) were proud, he was humble.

While about him was a sea of selfishness, he was unselfish.

When the world, harsh, cruel and merciless in its conventional slavery, would have cast stones at

the fallen woman he said: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

All around him the world was wrestling, biting, elbowing, goring, snarling for so-called success—that is, for prominence and power; he shunned prominence and refused power.

The world was mad to rule, to dominate; he was "servant of all."

They sought to get the service of others by means of money; he sought only to serve others, and needed no money.

The world believed goodness was a matter of conformity to certain conventions; he showed how goodness was in the liberation of the individual soul from all rule and its unity with God.

The world was then occupied (and still is occupied) in getting; men get on, get rich, get famous, get drunk, get educated, and get religion. He was busy giving, he got nothing; he gave sympathy, gave health, gave bread, gave truth, gave himself and his blood. Hence, while the great getters have been swept into forgotten graves, upon him, the greatest giver, have been placed all crowns.

The world put its trust in force, hate, terror, money, armies, and dignities; he staked his all on love and service.

Hence, to this day, he remains the most marvelously misunderstood figure in history. The thing that calls itself Christian civilization is nine-

tenths pagan. Even those organizations that assume to be his body are often how alien from his spirit!

THE SERMON OF THE CLOCK

Yes; when you put on this hat and turn this diamond button a little, from right to left—here, like this, see?—it presses a bump on your head, which no one knows about, and which opens your eyes—it is magic, you know—and you see the Reality of Things, the Soul of Bread, for instance, or of Wine, or of Pepper.—*Maeterlinck; The Blue Bird.*

Tick tock, tick tock,
This is the sermon of the clock.

Once there was a very unhappy man. The cause of his unhappiness makes no matter. It is never of any use to ask why one is miserable; the point is, how can he escape his gloom and become happy? In his dumb wretchedness he sat down one day and stared at the clock. If you will look at anything sympathetically enough and let your soul listen you will hear some of the secrets of nature. The way to learn nothing is to talk, and read, and gabble, and do so continually. Be still and things will speak to you.

Tick tock, tick tock,
Listen to wisdom, said the clock.

Futhermore, the clock said: You are a fool. This is always the first thing a human being ought to grasp. Wisdom abides in the things that are; folly and woe abide in the things that ought to be and the things that might have been. Hence only men are wicked and unhappy. Clocks, trees, rabbits, and fishes take the world as it is; men are always trying to change it and wishing it had been different. That is why flowers smile and women weep.

Tick tock, tick tock,
What do you think of that? said the clock.

Happiness abides somewhere hidden in what is, the clock went on to say. The trouble with you humans is that you are ever seeking for it in what is not. Of course, you cannot find it; for, in the first place, it is not there; and, in the second place, if it were there you could not get it because there is no such place.

God is, of course. He is happy. It is only the kind of God that is not, that is angry and vengeful and anxious to make people suffer.

All His universe is set for joy. The sky is glad, and the little streams giggle all day, and birds sing for love, and fishes wriggle for fun, and even a piece of wood is glad it is a piece of wood, and milk and bread and honey and fire are all quite comfortable bodies.

Tick tock, tick tock,
This world is a pretty good world, said the clock.

People have either too much brains or too little. If you consider the idiots you find them usually merry. They laugh at nothing at all and play with their fingers, as kittens play with their tails. And then if you consider the sage you find him also happy, because he has come close to the heart of what *is,* which is that thing we call truth; and so he does not fret any more, for he is drinking at the hidden stream of joy that flows through the universe, through the sun and sand, and through little children and the blessed dead.

Tick tock, tick tock,
Cabbages are happier than kings, said the clock.

Yes, yes, continued the clock, happiness is the peculiar juice of the isness of things, and not of the oughtness. And then, look at me! What am I doing? Why, ticking, of course. It is my business to tick. Now, I have to make four ticks a second, or 240 ticks a minute, or 14,440 an hour, or 345,600 a day, and to think of a week makes my head reel; and a year amounts to many millions, where numbers cease to have any meaning and are just trills.

If I were a fool man I should be everlastingly counting up how much I had to do in a week or a year, and I should simply give one tremendous whizz with my works and quit in despair. Being a sensible clock, however, I remember that while I have several million ticks to do per year, I have just as many seconds to do them in, and do not

have to work per year at all. I make one tick at a time, never bother about those I made or am to make, and everything goes off nicely.

Tick tock, tick tock,
For every Tick there's a Now, said the clock.

And you people are just as happy and content as we clocks, if you only knew it.

Most everybody is happy. Our happiness is borrowed; borrowed from the past in shape of remorse or regret, and from the future in the shape of apprehension. The present is always tolerable. You drag up from the pit of the past your sins and follies and mistakes, and load them on the poor little Now, and when you are not doing that you are reaching forward to the future and imagining things disagreeable that are going to happen and piling them upon the back of poor little Now.

As a matter of fact, the past is not yours. It is God's. It belongs to the universe. It has been dissolved into the eternities, as a drop of water is lost in the sea. It is beyond our control. Let it go. All you need take from it is a little wisdom to help you to use your own. And the future is not yours. That is also God's.

"Every bud has but once to bloom," says a philosopher, "and every flower but one hour of perfect beauty.

"Each star passes but once at night the meridian above our heads, and burns there but an instant. So each feeling has its floral moment in the heart,

each thought in the mind's sky its zenithal instant." Let us watch the punctual universe. All things are but one huge clock

Your heart has its beats. Earth has its seasons. Generations of men come and go as the hours upon my face. Everything has its moment. You have yours. It is—*now!*

For every creature except man, heaven is now.

ON GOING TO CHURCH

Vous qui pleurez, venez à ce Dieu, car il pleure.
Vous qui souffrez, venez à lui, car il guerit.
Vous qui tremblez, venez à lui, car il sourit.
Vous qui passez, venez à lui, car il demeure!—

You that weep, come to this God, for he weeps.
You that suffer, come to him, for he heals.
You that tremble, come to him, for he smiles.
You that pass, come to him, for he abides.
—Victor Hugo; Lines Written Beneath a Crucifix.

Going to church is getting to be more and more out of fashion.

I am convinced that it is a mistake and that we are missing much that is fine and worth while. Though I share a good deal of the acerbity and irritation against the historic institution, yet it does not blind me to the immense human value and real serviceableness and lovableness of it.

Hence, though far from following all the implications and connotations implied in being a churchgoer, I go just the same. For I do not wish the inference of other folks' minds, or their

gratuitous assumptions, to deprive me of a sterling privilege. Let me here set down some of my reasons.

First, let us define the word. By church I do not here refer to any one sect. What is in mind is that wider institution, of which each denomination is a part, which is made up of human beings associated together for the worship of God. That is to say the society for the promotion of the religious feeling. This includes Jew, Catholic, and Protestant.

I am not ignorant of the mistakes of this organization, even of its crimes. I know that religious institutions have persecuted, been cruel and narrow and have often opposed science and political progress. Neither have I any excuse or apology for these things: they were and are wrong and wicked. But it is not excuse nor apology to observe what is the truth, that in every instance these evils arose plainly from the human weakness, ignorance, and perversity of the men, and never can be traced to the influence of the religious feeling itself.

The gold of divine love is necessarily alloyed with human imperfection; and the things complained of came every time from the alloy and not from the gold.

Laying aside its frailties, therefore, with the use of a little common sense and sympathy, we note first of all that the church is the oldest organization on earth. It antedates Masonry; no family

tree has roots so deep; no existing dynasty is so venerable. It is a comfort to get hold of something that has stood through the centuries. In my little meeting house I claim membership and unity with that church whose altar fires Moses built in the wilderness, whose services were held in the catacombs of Rome in the reign of Nero, whose lofty cathedrals grace Milan and Cologne, and whose weekly gatherings still take place in every city and hamlet of the world, whether in Jewish synagogue, Catholic church, or Protestant chapel.

It all means God, one way or another; it always has meant God. I am drawn to this antiquity, this persistence, this triumph over time. There's a deep thrill in the heart of man in response to Bishop Cox's hymn:

> Oh, where are kings and empires now
> Of old that went and came?
> But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
> A thousand years the same.

Speaking of the sins of the church, too, it might not be out of place to remark that it has always been the religious feeling itself that has pointed out these sins and demanded and secured reform.

The church carries in herself her own cure.

Another, and most human reason, for churchgoing, is that churchgoers as a rule are the best kind of people. I speak of averages.

Of course there are bad people in and good people out. But I speak of averages when I say

that the clean-minded, honest, straight, kindly, generous and loyal folk gravitate churchward. The mass, at least, of the unclean, wicked, criminal, false, treacherous, and cruel folk drift from the church away.

On the whole, therefore, I go to church because there I find "my kind of folks"; the kind I want to know, to have for my friends and to be my companions and furnish atmosphere for my children. This is not a low motive nor sordid, but high and pure.

Of creed I say nothing, because this writing is not about joining the church, but about going to church. To go, and there to worship, does not necessarily imply that one intellectually assents to the theory of the universe set forth by the preacher. I go to church to develop my religious feeling, not to acquire facts. Most important of all reasons for churchgoing, however, is that it is the most practical way of keeping alive and efficient one's idea and feeling of God.

I do not like to have any dark corners walled off in my soul where I am afraid to look. I refuse to allow any dogmatist or organization to make me afraid of God. I want to be familiar with the thought of Deity and not ever to turn from it with a shudder or a shrug, as men turn from a fear or from a hopeless puzzle. Now, we may talk as we please about finding God in trees and books, in poetry and in our meditations, but

human nature is human nature, and unless we give regular expression to an emotion or conviction it will die of inanition.

The race is some thousands of years old and is some wiser than you or I, and the experience of the race is that stated times of worship alone keep alive the disposition to worship. Moses knew what he was doing when he inserted among the commandments the order to devote every seventh day to the religious feeling. On the whole, therefore, I am sure any right-minded person will be helped by regular attendance at church.

THE EYE OF THE SOUL

If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light.—*Jesus.*

What a man aspires to is the creative cause in his life, what he forever is to be.—*Edward Howard Griggs.*

The expression, "the single eye," is sometimes used with a ludicrous misunderstanding of the word as found in our King James version of the New Testament, where it is employed in its obsolete sense of "whole" or "healthy."

Well-meaning people have expressed their wish to have "an eye single to God's glory," or to their duty, in which the idea is that of looking at one thing and not at two. The phrase in our Bible, however, simply refers to the advantages of having a good eye over having a bad or diseased eye.

The eye may be taken as the most practical and serviceable of all our organs. It puts us most in communication with the outside world. By it through one lens we range the ultimate stars; and, through another, we perceive the infinitesimal forms and motions of the cell world. What the

eye is to the body the instincts are to the soul.

As all the things we learn by reason are small in their sum compared to the myriad things we learn through the glance; so the wisdom, virtue, commandments, creeds, and counsel we gather by instruction in the spirit, are small compared to that higher, quicker, more perfect, and more infallible wisdom we obtain by the direct sensing of our spiritual eye of feeling and appreciation.

If you want a book in a room upstairs and if you tell me to go and find it with my eyes shut, what numberless and minute directions you must give! I must take so many steps to the right and as many to the left, and guide myself by the hands passed along this and that object, and the like! Whereas, if you tell me to go with my eyes open and bring you the blue book lying on your dresser by the pin tray, I can find it a hundred times more easily and infallibly.

It is precisely the same in making one's moral way through life. A few sound instincts and clear ideals are better than reams of rules. No system of ethics, saturated with wisdom of antiquity, and approved by all the philosophers of earth, is of much practical use to a morally blind man.

The business of living a pure, true and right life is, therefore, after all, a simple one, and not complex. Follow your deepest longings, heed your inner repulsions. Keep sound and sane and follow your nose.

There is more purity in the instinctive shrinking of a simple maid than in all the infinite maneuvers of propriety. There is more worship in the child's wonder at the thunder and admiration before the flaming sunset than in all the formulas of heathen ceremonies or Christian ascriptions. There is more true repentance in the misery of an honest man at telling a lie or doing any mean action than in the longest litanies.

It is not only human to err, it is just as human to feel sorry that we have erred. The nobler, finer instincts and ideals of life are as innate as original sin. Every man knows them.

It is when we cease obeying them instantly and begin arguing with them, that we fall into the sloughs of moral confusion.

And what Jesus came to do for us was not to guide us from without, but from within; not to give us objective, external laws to guide us, but to awaken in us a lambent, guiding principle. He came "to open the eyes of the blind." His dynamic is not implicit obedience, but "perfect love."

This explains all that mystical-sounding language of the New Testament that speaks of "Christ formed within," "I in you and you in me," "if any man will open the door I will come in and sup with him," and so forth. All of which means that Jesus' aim is to be an inspiration of the individual moral forces, an enkindling of personal

perceptive powers, the awakening of the soul to its normal moral functioning.

No man, no teacher, not even Christ himself, can guide a man, so as to develop his manhood as well as keep him from harm, except such teacher or Christ enter into a man, by his personal influence, and strengthen and clear "the eye of the soul."

LOVING GOD

Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God.—*Jesus.*

Nulla sine Deo mens bona est.—No mind is good without God.—*Seneca.*

Perhaps of all words in human speech none is more elastic than love. It means as many different things as there are minds. It is the one word which when a man speaks means no more nor less than his personality. It is the gist, substance, and quintessence of what he is; more, of what he longs to be; for

> The thing we long for, that we are
> For one transcendent moment.

When you say, therefore, that you love a man, a woman, a child, or God, we cannot have much idea of what you mean until we know you. Pious folk express their most exalted ideal, the feeling of their union with God, and even describe the nature of deity itself by this word; while vicious and perverted creatures use precisely the same word to express their lowest form of selfishness.

Love is thus self-revealing. Our truest formula

of belief consists not in what our minds assent to and our reason acknowledges, but rather in what our own desires are drawn to. A soul sometimes deceives itself in what it says, for our words are themselves but thought forms borrowed from others; and in what it does, for few of one's acts carry with them one's utter approval; but no soul is ever deceived in what it likes.

Let us analyze, as far as we can, this thing called love, using the term in its highest sense, and meaning the emotion that beautifies the family, preserves friendship, and appropriates God.

First of all it is a distinct emotion. It comes, as we say, from the heart, and not from the intellect or the will. As near as we can define it, it is that pleasurable feeling aroused in us by the presence of the beloved object in our thoughts.

It is well not to drift away from this common-sense basis. No intellectual process, no speech nor act, can be called love, unless it be heated from our subconscious self by this strange fire. We love a man or a book or a flower, only as the thought of the object in question gives us pleasure, and stirs this emotion.

Those who talk of loving God, therefore, when there is no inward joy, no stir of the feeling in some ardent measure, are clearly mistaken. They may obey God, or approve of Him, or fear Him, but they do not love Him except He makes in them some spot of gladness.

Is it not absurd then, it may be inquired, to command us to love God? Can love be forced by the will? If it cannot, and it certainly cannot, as it lies beneath the will and moves before the will, why should Jesus put as the supreme "duty" of man the love of God?

The answer to this plain and substantial objection is this: that the command to love anything essentially good and beautiful is no more nor less than a command to learn to know it.

We are justified in commanding any human being to love, for instance, Shakespeare's or Raphael's works, because by common consent such art ought to and does appeal to a normal, healthy taste.

So we ought to love the beauties of nature, and deeds of heroism, self-sacrifice, and the like, and little children. The obligation here consists in our being human; whoever does not like such things steps aside from the human race, he is perverted, and is a subject for the alienist and not for the moralist.

God, no matter what our religion may be, so long as it is civilized, stands for the perfection of human character. In Him are all those excellencies every right-minded person wants to possess. Naturally, therefore, simply to conceive of such a being must awaken in us love to Him.

If the thought of God is distasteful to us, we either have a false and distorted notion of what

God is, or our tastes are perverted and our backs turned upon what we know to be really worth while.

The command to love God is a command to know God, to think of Him, to come into the influence of His personality. Once we see God we can no more help glowing in love to Him than we can help the glow in our hearts when we see a perfect rose, a gorgeous sunset, a kind deed, or an innocent child.

The curse of sensualism, of selfishness, of hate, of greed, and of all flesh-centered or ego-centered passions is that they stop up the eye of the soul. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Lowness, pessimism, and all bitter and base thinking not only prevent us from seeing God, but also from seeing anything else that is worth seeing. Bound in such meshes we cannot see a woman as her spirit should be looked on, nor a man for what he really is, nor any of the moral loveliness of the universe.

I do not ask that your idea of God be the same as mine, for perhaps both of us are far from the truth, but it is right to demand of any man that he have some notion or mental image of the highest, truest, noblest things in life; whatever your God may be He ought to be no less than that; and you are missing the meaning of life if you don't love Him.

THE USES OF CONFESSION

Sincérité, comme le feu, purifie tout ce qu'elle embrasse. —Sincerity, like fire, purifies everything it embraces.—*Maeterlinck.*

One can have my confession without having my heart; when one has my heart, he needs no confession of mine; all is open to him.—*La Bruyere.*

When the whole world has tried a truth and found it good it compresses it into a proverb. One of these compressed tablets of everlasting truth is: Confession is good for the soul.

To confess a sin or a mistake, a weakness or a fault, in some way separates it from our souls and, as Maeterlinck says, purifies it as by fire, sterilizes its dangerous germs.

So to open a heart is to cure it. Only our concealed, disavowed, or unconscious sins eat into the soul and attack the life principle.

This is true in our relations with each other. The little child that goes frankly to his mother and admits his disobedience is taken quickly into the arms of love. Man and wife who live in a

continual white clarity of mutual confession have an unbreakable peace, a love bastioned and secure against all attack.

In society it is not the known but the unknown vice that is dangerous. Every exposed fraud, every aired scandal, every known scoundrel is a red flag of warning to the young and innocent. It is the prosperous, devious, and secret wrongdoing that spreads its cancerous roots wide and sinks them deep into the body politic.

Newspapers are a sort of public confessional. What is known is half cured. No one hates the organ of publicity as much as the corrupter of public virtue, the agent of private fraud, who needs darkness for his success.

Confession is impossible between man and man unless there be some sort of mental stature in the one confessed to greater than in the one who confesses.

To a soul nobler than myself I can speak freely of my cowardices, my falseness, my lapses. As I talk to him, even my envy and littleness, my egotism, vanity, disloyalty, and selfishness, I know not how, seem to lose their septic and dangerous quality and to become objects of curious interest.

What a relief, what sweet joy, to find a friend from whom you have been estranged, perhaps by some fault of yours, and to lay bare your weakness and wrong in plain, surgical strokes. In some mysterious way, out of your very evil there springs

a tenderness, a strength of mutual affection which was unknown before. What would lovers be without lovers' quarrels and the making up?

It is precisely this psychological quality that characterizes our relation to the infinite—to God, under whatsoever form we conceive Him. Whether it be the prostration before the ancient altar of sacrifice, whereon burns the lamb of atonement, or the whispered outpourings of a troubled heart through the wicker of the confessional, or the prayers and groans at the Methodist mourners' bench, or the Salvation Army's penitent form, the principle is the same. The soul is unveiling itself.

Just to say, to admit, to avow what we are, in the face of infinite goodness, floods the life with a cleansing stream. It is for this reason that all religions have placed confession, in one form or another, as the central point of their ritual.

For confession is, at its core, sincerity. It is only in sincerity that the soul can breathe deep breaths, that life is free and joyous. To live in conscious deception with those we love is to walk with feet entangled with strands. We are ever on the watch. There is no peace, no utter relaxation. Those men and women whose private moral code admits the doing of things unconfessable live a fevered and restless existence.

The first thing is peace with the infinite. Even if a man belongs to no church at all, if the implications of institutional religion repel him, let him in certain quiet moments call up his soul and lay

bare his deepest self to his own ideal of God; let him admit himself, avow and confess himself, and he will carry from his silent interview a lighter heart than he has known.

Nothing is more foolish than dodging the idea of God and evading His presence in the thought. I would that all unchurched men might lay aside their prejudices, the various ideas about God which they have been taught, and all notions of their own fitness or unfitness, and open their mind's door and invite in whatever they believe God to be, and then and there strip themselves of all subterfuge, of all supposed goodness and supposed badness, and be once sincere with the infinite—fearlessly, confidently sincere, as a child before his father, as a creature before him that made him, as a being of half lights, mysteries, and shadows before the sun.

Whoever commences to live a white, honest life in the face of his inner ideal, will begin to be honest with himself. And whoever is downright and square with himself is the only one who can possibly be loyal to his friends.

> To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

"And hereby," says John the beloved, "we know that we are of the truth and shall assure our hearts before him. For if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God."

THE HEART OF FATALISM

That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet.—*Matthew.*

There are many truths that seem repugnant and contrary one to the other, yet which subsist together in admirable agreement. The source of most religious errors is the exclusion of one or the other of these truths.—*Pascal.*

One of the most striking and suggestive sayings of the gospel is the naïve explanation Matthew gives of this and that act of Jesus, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet." It is a luminous expression, masterful, dramatic.

One sees a life moving according to programme laid out ages ago; a personal career which rises from a petty thing of chance and becomes a part of unfolding destiny, a cog in the great wheel of time; it is fatalism, but only the sweet juice of fatalism, with the bitter rind thrown away.

Every doctrine has some good and some bad in it. Any statement of truth, followed to an ex-

treme exclusion of all other truths, becomes unreason.

And there is a vast deal of truth and comfort in the old creed of predestination. There is a sense of rest comes to the mind with a realization of the sovereign and all compelling will of God. Always, of course, provided one believes, as we might say, in moderation, and does not push his faith to the point of paralysis.

For, while predestination is true, it is not the whole truth, for no truth can be wholly crowded in a statement—nothing but life can perfectly inclose or express truth. It is not the word made printer's ink; it is the word made flesh, which is complete, well rounded, and safe to follow.

The source of dissipation in life is the feeling that one is the creature and puppet of chance. Hence spring our mad follies, our profligate wastes, our toxic pleasures and septic negligence. If it's all luck, then let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.

When one speaks of destiny, one ordinarily refers to one event only in life—to-wit: death. But the end of life is not the only part that is scheduled. It is all according to programme. We are born each on his appointed day, as much as Jesus himself came not until "the fullness of time." And every man's life is a plan of God, as Bushnell puts it. The varied structure of our days is made after some plan drawn upon the divine trestle board. There are blue prints and

specifications in heaven for each soul's growth.

A conviction like this must give one poise. It corrects the dangerous extremes of despair and overconfidence. It takes away worry. It removes our nervous sense of haste. "He that believeth shall not make haste." It spreads a summer calm throughout our thoughts. It clears the brain and steadies the hand. The spirit of man becomes a candle of the Lord.

In some form this sense of programme is discernible in every great man. It is the essence of heroism. Napoleon called it his star. Socrates spoke of his daimon, who whispered him advice. Cæsar bade the frightened boatmen have no fear, for Cæsar was on board, and his fortunes.

The remarkable courage of the Japanese springs from their perfect acceptance of fate. And whatever force there is in Islam is traceable to the same source.

When we exclaim that we cannot accept fatalism we are guilty of our western fault, which is—logic. Carrying fatalism to its logical extreme, it is a deadening thing, and produces only a stoic stolidity. But why carry it to an extreme?

The art we western people need to learn is to extract the feeling, the flavor, the life element, out of a dogma, and not run it down to its pitiless logical end. For, as I have said, there is not a solitary credo, whether in Christianity, positivism, rationalism, or in any other religion or philosophy, which does not become eventually false and salt

and bitter, if treated with pure reason alone.

It is only in the temperamental mixture and blend of all the great truths that we gain wisdom and peace.

Let me feel, therefore, that this day is marked out for me; that the past, good and bad, is inevitable (even if it *was* not), and is now dissolved into the ocean waters of the infinite purpose; that the future is moving toward me as fixedly as the past is receding; that all reform and right work, all truth and goodness and noble action are almighty; their failure is only seeming; they have in themselves the very toughness and conquering indestructibility of God himself; that every mean deed and impure thought and cruel gratification and unworthy self-indulgence must meet its purifying pain and whitening grief some time, somewhere; that the stars are my friends and the three fates are motherly souls; that whatever power made the lily and clothes it, created the sparrow and marks its fall, has also a place and programme for me; in fine, let me, in my little corner also, go about my Father's business, even as the Great Teacher, without fear or haste or heat, moving as planets move, doing what I may do "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet."

A PREACHMENT TO PREACHERS

My dear brother: You are indeed out of your place, for you are reasoning when you ought to be praying.—Yours truly, *John Wesley.*

From the layman in the pews this silent appeal rises to the minister in the pulpit: he that hath ears to hear let him hear!

What we want from you, sir, is but one thing—yourself.

If you preach Christ, it does us no good, unless you preach him in terms of your own personal life. The historic Christ and the doctrinal and tabulated Christ we, as well as you, can get from books.

We want no words from you except those that are red with your blood.

We do not want the Word, but the Word made Flesh.

We do not want you to arouse our emotions; we want to see you gripped by your own.

We do not want argument; we do not want anything proved to us; for where you lay one doubt you raise twenty.

We do not want information; all its sources are open to us as well as to you. We do not want

science, history, or philosophy; we want of you what we want of the one great neighbor—heart.

Please go through your sermon, before you bring it to us, and cut out every platitude, every fine-sounding phrase, everything that you will say just because you think your church requires it, or because it is your duty to say it. Give us only what you cannot help saying.

We ask you to compete with novels and stories in one thing—human interest.

We ask you to compete with poets in just one thing—vision.

We ask you to compete with men of science in just one thing—absolute honesty.

We ask you to compete with those who make us bad in just one thing—in that you like us.

We do not need your guidance; we need your confession—that shall most truly guide us.

Do not berate us; we know how bad we are. Do not dictate to us; for the soul leaps to truth and not authority. Do not urge us; for souls that can see need no urging. Simply show us one who is in the clutch of some reality; then we shall be shamed and smitten, reborn and set on the right way.

Do not entertain us. You cannot compete with the actor. Strip your soul naked to us and show us what no man can simulate—life in its pure motion.

Speak low. The things you should have to say are secrets. Every man's religion is utterly

modest; it is his most shrinking and sensitive vital spot.

Remember that we are interested in the ultimate things—love, life, God and death. Whenever you mention one of these things we are anxious to hear if you have any light. Remember that the spirit of this age is not as the spirit of former ages. Learn these words of Griggs: "Our interest everywhere these days is in the distinctively personal. If one can tell openly and clearly the story of his own life, there are many who will find deep interest in this. Literature is becoming more and more autobiographical. It all means the deepening consciousness of the absolute significance of the human soul."

It is not doctrines any more we want. It is not theorems and saving formulas. We want doctrines incarnated, theorems shining through souls, formulas that are the aureoles of experience.

Holy church has become a trysting place for our souls with yours.

We do not want to believe; we want to see.

We do not want gold any more, but the gold mine; not money, but the bank and mint; not the law, but the lawgiver; not the botany of Christ, but the rose of Christ; not the sermon, but the human being behind it. We, too, "seek not yours, but you!"

BEYOND THE GRAVE

If in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable.—*Saint Paul.*

The idea of immortality is one that is most tenaciously clung to by our sentiments and most conclusively rejected by materialistic reasoning.

There is danger that the mind of the average intelligent person, trained to the strict honesty and self-control of modern scientific methods, will put aside the sweet persuasion as belonging to the myths and guesses of former ages of ignorance. Let us, therefore, state succinctly the grounds upon which an enlightened, strictly truthful intelligence bases such a belief.

And, first, the whole matter must be recognized as lying outside of and beyond the realm of accurate knowledge.

It has no kinship with botany, mathematics, chemistry, or any of the other exact sciences. It lies rather in that region which every cultured scientist to-day acknowledges to exist, where the overtones of truth play, where are the deep mysteries of the personality, the subliminal instincts, and the finer esthetic perceptions.

These things, of course, are just as real, though not so well defined, as the exact sciences, and have quite as much, if not more, to do with life.

All materialistic proofs of a future life, therefore, such as psychic research and spiritualistic performances, may be set aside as hardly consistent with intellectual self-respect.

The profoundest argument perhaps is the one emphasized by Emerson, who says that "when God has a point to carry with the race he plants his arguments in the instincts." The fact that the conviction that personality will outlast death is as old as humanity, has never been absent from human experience, and is practically acknowledged universally to-day, has great force. So persistent a phenomenon of human consciousness goes a long way toward proving that it corresponds to a fact.

Science, as John Fiske points out, has nothing more to do with the matter than to weigh this fact. Science does not prove immortality impossible. He says: "In the course of evolution there is no more philosophical difficulty in man's acquiring immortal life than in his acquiring the erect posture and articulate speech."

The most convincing proof to thoughtful persons of our continued existence after death is the fact that, without this, life loses its moral significance. The next world is inextricably bound up with our ethical sense. And that not merely by tradition, but by a profound reason, which has

been truly felt, though fantastically stated, by men since the beginning of time.

The point is that moral motives are too long to fit this earthly short career. All the higher, more humanizing, subtler, and more altruistic sentiments are too cramped for room. They cannot fitly play inside a space of thirty-three years or so.

Brutal, bestial, sensual, and all destructive emotions reap a quick harvest. Their reward is in their hand. The selfish man gets what he goes after. He makes his money, he sates his lust, he fills the measure of his pride, and, as with the beasts, death comes mercifully with the decay of his powers, so that his term is in a way rational.

But the rewards of virtue are long and slow. The increment of goodness seems a cosmic process that needs not days but centuries. Honesty is not the best policy always, within a period of a year nor a lifetime; we feel it to be the best policy always only when it can get a chance to outlive all opposition.

Even so loyalty, purity, nobility, and all the diviner traits of men only have chance to stand erect when they can pierce through death. The world would miss its proudest instances of manly strength and womanly beauty if there should be taken away all cases where men and women went smiling to death for a principle.

Hence, to remove from men the feeling that another life supplements this would cut the nerve

of moral emotion; it would remove the halo from our flesh; it would rub out our tint of divinity; it would eliminate all that far-reaching heroism of souls that leads them to commit themselves utterly to noble aims.

Efface heaven, and the result is psychologically sure—there would be left for us but the slough of the senses more or less refined, and instead of "enduring the cross and despising the shame for the joys set before us," we should adopt the advice of Propertius:

"Dum licet inter nos igitur laetamur amantes; non satis est ullo tempore longus amor.—Let us enjoy pleasure while we can; pleasure is never long enough."

The world would be poor without its Nathan Hale, and Wiclif, and Savonarola, and Bruno, and Paul, and Socrates, and Jesus, all of whom had moral contents that spilled over death.

The best reason for keeping heaven is because it is needed.

YOKE JOY

And establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it!—*Moses.*

Wind and Wave and Sun, how regenerative these elder brothers are!—*William Sharp.*

Nature forgets nothing.

She not only produces with inexhaustible fecundity but she keeps on producing the same kind of things.

Like the witches in "Macbeth," she sings: "I'll do, and I'll do, and I'll do," and she does the third time what she did first. We emphasize the fact that no two blades of grass are exactly alike, and no two waves, and no two faces; but the most striking factor in the case, after all, is that all grass blades are on the same pattern, and all waves and faces.

Yesterday the sun rose in the east and set in the west; to-morrow and forever it will repeat the same performance. Rain ascends from the ocean, journeys on cloud ships to the mountains, is condensed and rolls down in rivers to the sea once more, a huge, endlessly turning water wheel.

Beavers build the same kind of dams to-day they built in the four rivers of Eden, and hens lay the same sort of eggs that Eve boiled for Adam's breakfast. Bees make honey in the same shaped cells and of the same sweetness and by the same process their ancestors used for the honey Samson found in the lion's carcass and turned into a riddle.

Nature produces a new thing only by infinitely repeating the old with minutest variations. It took her eons and centuries to create a human arm, for instance, having practiced for a tremendous space of time on the foreleg of the quadruped, the wing of the bird, and the flipper of the sea creature. And how many millions of experiments with sensitive skin dots before she could bring forth an eye to feel light or an ear to experience sound!

Atoms and molecules, as well as the people of New England, are characterized by doing just as they always have done. Otherwise there would be no such thing as science.

The reason why coal ignites at a certain temperature, why oxygen and hydrogen leap together under certain conditions and separate under certain other circumstances, is precisely the same reason why the ladies' aid society at Worcester, Mass., always serves cold ham and hot coffee and beans at the church supper, and why waiters wear dress suits—"they always have."

In the forest the willow drops its arms, the oak

extends them straight out, and the poplar holds them up, because they have the habit. Everything is old, old, old; even our hunger for something new—the Greeks had it.

Now, if nature is such a slave to habit, it must follow that habit is a good thing. Nature is saturated with joy; nature everlastingly repeats; hence if we would attain joy, let us seek it in repetition. That is a perfectly good syllogism.

And it works out excellently well in practice. Most of our pleasure comes from the acts we perform over and over again; as breakfast, dinner, and supper; sleep and daily work, the Saturday holiday and the Sunday rest. To get religious enjoyment firmly fixed in us Jehovah prescribed every seventh day for it.

In proportion as a pleasure is healthful, normal and permanent, it is found in grooves. Oppositely, as we become unhealthy and perverted we seek happiness principally in strange and unusual sources. Not that there is no pleasure in what is new, only it is not dependable. To expect contentment from novelty is to be glad occasionally, and miserable generally; while to train one's self to get the zest and fun of life from its ordinary course, is to enter into partnership with great Nature's self.

The old distinction between happiness and joy is in point. Happiness just "happens"; that is, comes now and then, and by chance; joy, however, is in the nature of things; it is the condition of

spirit arising from being in harmony with the universe.

No class of people will you find more wretched than those whose pleasure consists in novelty, such as gamblers, the "smart set," and all who are continually buying new gowns, new automobiles, new houses and new wives.

They have fun, but it is in rare oases dotting desert wastes. All aristocracies and plutocracies who have no work to make them happy, float as a green scum upon the vast, sweet, healthy pool of humanity; they are an exanthematous excretion upon the surface of the huge, sound body of the race, which is made up of children and letter carriers, bricklayers and scientists, typewriter girls and grocers, tinkers, tailors and candlestick makers.

How carefully wrong we have all been trained! Success we imagine to consist in escaping from those who work for a living to sit among those who work only when they please.

Quite the contrary, the contented portion of the earth's population consists of those who work when the bell rings, whether they feel like it or not. For they have heard the voice of Nature, who cries, saying:

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Nature's peace is yoke peace. It lies within the usual. The devil's peace, whose end is ashes, is alcohol-jewelry-fame-novelty peace.

THE SOUL LAOCOON

The Laocoon of Virgil! . . . I know of one more terrible. It is the one smothered and devoured by serpents issued from his own heart.—*Catulle Mendes.*

The prosperity of fools shall destroy them.—*Solomon.*

Modern life is engaged in a tremendous effort to "look pleasant." Literature of the day is inundated with streams of advice urging us all to cheer up. Those philosophers are the fashion who tell us that nothing matters much so long as we chew our food well and don't worry. And the most successful of present day propagandists are they who reveal to us that there is no hell, no devil, no wrong, no dark, and no pain. Meanwhile hearts continue to break, homes to be shipwrecked, mouths to be full of the ashes of excess, fortunes to be lost, quarrels to develop, and children to have the gripes.

The great fact, eternal as the race, is tragedy. Not for nothing the great creative minds, from Æschylus to Shakespeare, hold up to us the polished mirror of their verse and show us often the

divine human face stone smitten with a Medusa look and snake haired with horrors.

And the secret of triumph lies in knowing how to adjust one's self to the fact of sorrow. All sorts of cure-alls have been hawked down the streets of time.

One cult says of woe, laugh at it; another, inflict such penitential torments on yourself that you outdo it; another, face it stolidly; another, deny it, notwithstanding the facts; another, join our institution, which will insure you against it, if not in this world, in the next; and so on. But the wise of all ages have discerned the healing truth about it, which is that all real trouble as well as all real peace is from one's own heart, and in one's own inner court is the real arena of triumph or of defeat.

There is not a single tragedy in history, as Maeterlinck points out, in his "Wisdom and Destiny," where fatality really reigns. External fatalities there do seem to be, such as sickness, accident, the deeds of the wicked, and the death of them we love; but such a thing as an internal fatality does not exist. The hero always triumphs; at least in that forum where alone triumph or defeat has any meaning—that is, within his own heart.

Success and failure in life, then, are in no sense dependent upon anything but myself, and neither are they in any least degree the sport of chance; they come by laws as sure in their operation as the

laws that move the sun. In other words, every wretched man is a Laocoon tangled and crushed by the serpents issued from his own self.

Among these serpents the most common are the bodily appetites that have been allowed to strangle the will. To change the comparison, it is as if a man drives his sledge over the snows of destiny, guiding strong wolves, which pull him forward so long as he drives them, but turn and rend him when he loses control.

Foremost comes alcohol, which has paralyzed how many a noble will, and burned to the ground how many a spirit's dwelling it might have cheered! There is no drunkard that is not a spiritual suicide. And the first point in the redemption of an alcoholic pervert is that he realizes that, as no one made him drink except himself, so no one can cure him, except himself. Alcoholism is never hopeless; one can always quit.

It is the spiritual condition of an impotent will that is hopeless.

Worse than this, however, and worse than anything, is the perversion of the creative instinct. The feeling that attracts man to woman is the most sacred and strong of all the desires of the body. When this passion ceases to be a mastered force, at once warming and sanctifying life, and becomes a python, torturing and crushing its victim, there ensues the bitterest death in life. The most appalling of all ruins is the ruin of love.

We might also speak of greed, of ambition, of idleness, of envy, of hate, of egotism, of pride, and the hundred and one other snakes that are nested in the human heart, hatched in the warmth of self-satisfied ignorance and increased at length to the size of tragedy.

The cure and banishment of all such things is found in love and wisdom; love fixed on no less object than utter perfection—God. For to love God is to let into one's life the forces of the infinite. Love means admiration and self-giving. To admire and to give one's self up to such an ideal as is presented to us in Jesus, is to admit into our hearts the most antiseptic of all emotions, to receive into our wills the most tonic of all spiritual potencies.

And wisdom. That is, first of all, teachableness, the recognition of our ignorance. It means the openness to truth, and the closure against all such fraudulent imitations of truth and alleged substitutes for truth, as superstition, custom, and authority.

Reason, enlightened by wisdom, the knowledge and practice of the laws of the universe; and the heart, lit up by love, the invigoration streaming in from God and from good men and women; these are they that shall rescue the Laocoon soul from its own serpent brood.

THE CENTER OF THINGS

I have discovered the center of the universe. It is very wonderful and comforting. I am the center of the universe. In a minute this morning this flashed on me, and the puzzle of the ages was solved.

No more dispute as to whether the earth goes round the sun, or the sun round the earth, or both round the constellation of Hercules, for the whole cosmos revolves about me. I am the axis.

When Proctor Knott extolled Duluth as the spot where the horizon comes down at equal distance in every direction, he spoke the sober truth. I write these lines on a ship a thousand miles at sea; all around is water and sky; and right in the exact geographical center of everything am I and my ship. Come to think of it, this has always been the case, all my life.

My father and mother existed for the purpose of bringing me into the world. The old Third Ward schoolhouse in Springfield, Illinois, was built that I might attend there, and (it has since been torn down) learn to spell; indeed, the entire educational system came into being in order that I might go to that school.

Emperors die in China, and kings are upset in Portugal; earthquakes shake Sicily and panics Wall Street, and all simply that the news thereof may be laid before me at the breakfast table.

The big and the little dippers whirl about the polestar, Antares winks, and Venus glows, and Halley's comet comes and goes—for me.

And in all this there is no egotism. For in saying I am the center of the cosmos I do not at all imply that *you* also are not the center of the cosmos. In fact, you are; everybody is. There are as many centers as there are conscious beings. The mistake we have made all along is in supposing there can be but one center. If you look through a window pane covered with rain drops or frost crystals at a point of light, you will notice that any way you move your head the light always remains the center of innumerable concentric rings formed by the glistening reflections. It is even so in life, as you move the center moves.

There are as many worlds as there are creatures. As Zangwill says: "The scent world of dogs, the eye world of birds, the uncanny touch world of bats, the earth world of worms, the water world of fishes, the gyroscopic world of dancing mice, the flesh world of parasites, the microscopic world of microbes, intersect one another inextricably and with an infinite interlacing, yet each is a symmetric sphere of being, a rounded whole, and to its denizens the sole and self-sufficient cosmos."

The account of creation as given in the Penta-

teuch is, therefore, psychologically and essentially correct; God did make the sun to give man light by day, and the moon and stars to shine on him by night, as far as man is concerned.

If the Bible had been written for angels it might have stated the case differently. When the penitent at the mourners' bench is told that he will never find peace until he believes that the Son of God came to save him personally, he is told the plain truth; the meaning of which is that he is to move in from the suburbs into the center of creation.

For it is only when a soul feels the stars rise and fall about him orderly, angels and devils tugging at him, and all creation recognizing his geocentric supremacy, that he gets poise and ceases to be eccentric. Eccentric means, having the point about which a wheel revolves at one side of the center.

There are so many discontented, unhappy people in the world, simply because there are so many eccentric, lopsided, bumpy, flat-wheeled, irregular souls. Move in! Move in! Occupy your due place in the spotlight of destiny! Worms do it, why not you?

Philosophers have ridiculed this homocentric theory. Goethe turned from it in disgust. Pope wrote caustically:

> While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
> "See man for mine!" replies the pampered goose.

But the instinct of humanity is wiser than the wisdom of the learned. Homer breathed truth when he represented the gods fighting for and against Troy. The Old Testament is right when it shows Jehovah actively interested in the chosen people. Every people is a chosen people, and there is no God but our own peculiar Jah or Elohim.

And Jesus was most right and true of all when he had us appropriate, each one of us, the special care of the Father of All. There is no Providence that is of any mortal use to me but Special Providence; if it is only general it had as well not be at all. It is precisely because He clothes the lilies of the field that He will also clothe you, O ye of little faith. Because He notes the sparrow He will note you.

You have an inalienable right to your centricity. Occupy it. You cannot believe in God unless you believe He is yours. The only real God is my God.

THE THREE SPHINXES BY THE ROAD

Nobility is not acquired by birth, but by life, often by death.—*Plutarch.*

"Men," says Pascal, "unable to find any cure for death, misery and ignorance, have the notion that, to render themselves happy, they must not think of these things."

The real test of a wise man is suggested by this paragraph. For a wise man is precisely one who has definitely settled his attitude toward, first, death; second, failure; and third, the unknown.

No matter how much knowledge is in a man's head, how much skill in his hands, and how much purpose and force in his heart, he is still a fool unless he has met and arranged with the three great facts.

Not that any man can understand one or all of these three mysteries. It is safe to say no man understands them. Since the beginning of human time they have sat like sphinxes by the roadside of every man's life.

But one can do better than understand, one can adjust one's self to them.

After all, in anything, the truest wisdom is not knowledge, but adjustment.

We do not know what electricity is, but we can adjust ourselves to it, we can use it, make it work, and cause it to serve us in the telegraphic wire instead of killing us in the lightning. So also we do not know what gravitation is, nor chemical affinity, nor life; but we can employ these mysteries to our advantage.

The last three mysteries of life, which men in general cannot use, and by which they are baffled and downcast, are those I have mentioned. To adjust ourselves to them implies the highest degree of intelligence and of moral power.

First, death. Death is as natural as life. It is a certainty. How many people have settled with it? Sad to say, to most persons death comes as an awful calamity, a blow in the dark, an event that upsets all calculations and defeats all the aims of life.

A wise man is one who is always as ready to die as to live; his books are in order, his business arranged, and his thoughts are so set that death may come at any moment. No man who is not so has a right to call himself happy or intelligent.

Second, failure or sickness. In whatever a man proposes, he ought to make definite plans what he will do in case he fails.

Any fool can manage to get along with good health; only a wise man knows how to be ill.

Any general can succeed if he invariably is vic-

torious; the great general is the one who knows what to do when defeated.

Third, ignorance. What one does not know is infinite, compared with what one knows. The supreme test of character is one's relation to the unknown.

Out of the unknown come the plagues of life; for the unknown is the lair of the greatest enemy of life—fear.

Out of the unknown issue fear of God, of spirits, of nature, of the dark, of fate, of disease.

Properly adjusted to the unknown we have religion, instead of superstition; our lives are made moral and brave and free, instead of base and cowardly and enslaved.

The clear, scientific, religious mind sees clearly the difference between the things it can and cannot know; the untrained, low mind blurs the line between known and unknown. This is the chief distinction between the intelligent and the unintelligent thinker.

Whoever, therefore, will have peace, poise and wisdom let him make definite arrangement with the three sphinxes—death, failure and the unknown.

THE HOUSE ON THE ROCK

For their rock is not as our Rock.—*Moses.*

The history of mankind is the record of a huge experiment in getting together.

Without organization we get none of the finer elements of life, such as orchestras and steam heat, cities, street cars, dictionaries and police.

Pure individualism means barbarism. Each man dwells in his own cave with the woman he has taken.

The struggle upward on the part of the race is merely a struggle to crush out those elements that prevent co-operation.

Pride, lust, money-love, power-love and all forms of primal egoism disintegrate society, prevent unity, split all pacts of mutual help and are thus agents of savagery.

They minister to primitive egoism, but they destroy the higher, finer and more permanent egoism; that is to say, while they seem to increase a man, yet in reality they eat him up. They make him small, they narrow his nature, provincialize his ideas and push him back toward the brute.

They are not forces of evolution, but of dissolution.

Now, therefore, almost all attempts at getting together, all efforts at organizing into states, churches, armies, cults, unions, and the like, have appealed to these primeval passions, which in their nature can never give solidity to bodies of men.

The cementing passions are curious. For they seem at first glance to be anti-individualistic; to make for loss to me and gain to others. Really, when we come to try them out they increase and strengthen *me*. They are, as a matter of fact, powerfully egoistic, only that quality is concealed in them; it takes time, faith, vision and spiritual regeneration to see it.

For instance, take love-of-men, of men souls themselves, instead of the love of power over them. That seems to mean for me to annihilate self for others. Also take joy-in-work, and devotion-to-ideal, and delight-in-service. All of these seem to strike at self. We rebel against them with the instinct of self-defense.

It is only when we reach a certain point of ripeness in experience, of maturity in wisdom and of power in spiritual insight, that we see through the shell to the kernel.

It is then we perceive the actual truth of the saying that "he that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall find it."

For we learn by and by that only as we put

away the cruder egoisms of lust, money-love, pride, the desire to be master, the hate of service and so on, do we come to a sweeter, wider, nobler egoism; we come indeed to some sort of true appreciation of our own souls and of their worth to us and the world.

Only through altruism, only by the path of altruism, do we reach a sound individualism.

In the highest realm of character altruism and egoism mean the same thing. They blend. They make the full harmony, the white light of souls.

All those institutions, therefore, that are founded upon the sands of crude egoisms must perish. The state that means mere defense, the church that stands for rescuing the elect "as brands from the burning," the schools whose aim is to make scholars and gentlemen apart from the vulgar crowd, the business world which has for a motive to make me rich and independent and separate from my fellows, are on rotting piers and will go down in time.

Jesus was right. Human society must be built on the abiding altruistic motives; only so shall "the gates of hell not prevail against it." Nietzsche was shortsighted and superficial. Tolstoy was right. Disarmament is right.

Only as we dare to trust the altruistic laws, only as we fearlessly build our institutions on them, only as we have a practical, bold faith in the cosmic energy of love and trust, and an unshak-

able belief that men will respond to it, in spite of what they say, only so can we permanently get together and build our houses upon the rock

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The only true courage is against fate.—*Lady Somery.*

The Declaration of Independence by the nation is not of much importance unless each citizen of the nation issues and abides by his own personal declaration of independence.

Join me, therefore, in this my declaration:

I deny that there is any such thing as chance or luck. I affirm that the universe is managed by an intelligent person. I can see only a little way, but as far as I do see all is law; that is just ground for believing that all is law everywhere. I say a Person manages the universe, because my experience furnishes me no grounds for conceiving of an intelligence apart from personality.

I deny that God is ever under any circumstances my enemy. I affirm He is always my friend.

I deny that there is any caprice in the moral or spiritual world. I affirm the cosmic accuracy of the laws that govern souls.

I deny that there is so much as one grain of truth in premonitions.

I deny that fear ever does any good. I affirm that the sensation of fear is always poison, to be resisted with all my might. Whatever comes, I shall meet it better unafraid.

I deny that heredity has done anything to me or to any person which we cannot turn to our good. I affirm that the original heredity is that I am a son of God, and that this inherited good spirit, if we can realize it, is stronger than any bad blood.

I deny that environment is stronger than I. I affirm that I can make any possible environment serve my success.

I deny that happiness is a worthy aim of life. I affirm that I am put here to become great, not to be happy.

I deny that any soul that is heroic is ever in its depths unhappy. I affirm that joy is the invariable accompaniment of fearlessness, truth and loyalty.

I deny that any habit, instinct or taste is stronger than I. I affirm that I can change these, and that the changing of them is all there is to culture and progress.

I deny that money has ever either aided or impeded the power of truth and of good in the world. I affirm that the only spiritual dynamic is personality.

I affirm that religion is nothing except the personal influence of God, and that progress is noth-

ing except the personal influence of good people.

I deny that I am "a worm of the dust." I affirm that I am as important as the rest of the universe.

I deny that death ends all. I affirm that my personality shall live on after the dissolution of my body. I affirm that the belief that the human soul ceases to exist at death is the most profoundly immoral of all beliefs.

I affirm that this world was made for lovers; that whoso misses love misses life; that loyal love is tougher than all hates, envies and malice, and will eventually overcome them.

I deny that "as I have made my bed I must lie in it." I affirm that "if I have made my bed wrong, please God, I will make it again."

I deny that opportunity knocks at every man's door but once. I affirm that every day is an opportunity.

I deny that it is worth while to seek to be rich, to be famous, or to occupy great place. These things are gambling chances.

I affirm that the one thing worth seeking is that work which seems play. Only in doing that work is a human being sound, sane and content.

I deny any authority whatever over my mind.

I affirm that I am absolutely bound to do what seems right to me.

I affirm that my personal well-being is best promoted by striving for the well-being of others.

I can prove none of these things. They are axiomatic to me. There is nothing more self-evident by which to prove them.

SALVATION BY RESPONSIBILITY

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.—*The Preacher.*

First, what is salvation?

It may mean several things; it has been used to mean making sure of the entrance of one's soul into heaven.

Of that meaning I have nothing here to say. I use the word in another sense, the modern sense of making one's character strong, so that one is master of one's passions, freed from fear, and happily adjusted to the universe. In other words, one is sure of one's self, and a source of strength and joy to others.

This kind of salvation, however it may be with any other kind, never is attained except by one thing—Responsibility.

A saved arm is an arm that is muscular and skillful, a saved leg is one you can run and kick with, a saved mind is one that thinks clearly. Each of these is saved by peril, burden and effort.

Protecting, coddling, and shielding them, only makes them flabby and weak.

This is the law of life. The woman that is

most really saved is the woman who bears and rears a large family of children. They mean burden, anxiety, labor, self-giving, often agony, always responsibility. And those are the things that *save* a woman; save her from being petty, dissatisfied, useless and bad.

The noblest women I ever knew have been those who have launched young lives. The most magnificent soul that can be grown on this earth is a mother.

We all want to "help" boys. Yet that which makes a boy great is that which hinders him. Many a promising lad needs only to be kicked out, battered, discouraged, and opposed, to make a man of him.

Not that we should abuse boys. We shall help them. But this old world, and nature, and destiny, intend to haze him, to attack him, and to roll him in the mud.

And if that rough treatment arouses him to fight and win, he will be saved. Our safeguarding does not save.

Girls, it is commonly supposed, are to be screened, protected. A girl, however, that has always been carefully kept from all temptations and responsibility, may be a very sweet, nice girl, but she will not be a great woman.

Some of the purest souls I ever knew were Salvation Army lassies, who grappled with vice and uncleanness daily.

One of the noblest souls I ever knew was a vaudeville actress, who began life as a waif, struggled up single-handed, and kept herself unspotted.

One way to save a soul is to pack it in cotton and keep it in a glass globe. Another way is to render it antiseptic and send it forth into an untoward world.

What modern souls want is not to be secure. They want to be great.

Any theology can tell you what to do to be secure; if you care for that.

But there is only one way to be great, to have strength that can be depended upon in a crisis, to have the kind of happiness that cannot be bowled over by calamity, to have the kind of faith that doubts strengthen and do not disturb, and to have the kind of purity that comes from wisdom and not from ignorance; and that way is to accept responsibilities, grapple them, and bear them nobly.

Then you are safe as a fearless warrior is safe.

The other way you are safe as a man in a cyclone cellar is safe.

LOVE, THE TEST OF LIFE

Love is the best of moralists.—*Bacon.*

Love is the test of life. It tries every soul. And it finds so much dross in us that it is a wonder it stays with us at all.

When loves comes it demands nobleness. It sounds the trumpet for every high thought and feeling in us to rally.

It smites every base thing in us. It refuses to live in peace with meanness, selfishness or sordidness of any kind.

That is why so few people are capable of a great love. They are not worthy of it. To be sure, all of us have some of the tricks and imitations of love; for love is so good a thing that if we cannot have it we must have a pewter duplicate of it. When men cannot see God they make idols.

So we all have sex attraction. We treasure up flatteries and fair words, kisses and gifts and compliments: and these trinkets, ear-rings and shifts of love are the only things many of us understand.

But love itself is as shattering as God. Love is a revealer. It is a revelation. It is blinding vision.

For, have you not seen how, when a youth falls in love, his first persuasion is of his utter unworthiness? He is not fit to touch her glove. Every little vileness of his past rises to scorn him. He is crushed under a vast humiliation. That she will smile on him is a miracle; and he is ashamed, feeling that if she but knew him through and through she would flee.

Marriage is so often a failure because they two try to keep love without greatness of soul. The only happy, contented marriages among petty souls are those of indifference and convenience. To love, and not to be noble, means tragedy.

Love wars with egotism. No egotist can love. For love is the very soul of altruism. It means self-sinking, self-forgetfulness, self-obliteration. It passes over and sees a self worthy of honor only in the person of the beloved.

Love cannot dwell with pride. Its pith and marrow is humility. Any preening and perking up of self it abhors. It will not claim its own rights. Its joy is surrender, and not conquest. It is great in meekness, after the manner of true greatness. It always "takes upon itself the form of a servant, and learns obedience." It refuses thrones. It washes feet.

Love gives, gives, gives. It never can give enough. Its climax of happiness is when it can give life itself. Its triumph is crucifixion.

Love transfigures. It renders the beloved ob-

ject beautiful. Love does not spring from beauty; a thing is beautiful because it is loved.

So we see why love means such misery. It is a divine fire among earthly stubble. It comes to us; we leap to it; for it is the most glorious of all things; and then we discover its fatal requirement. Alas! we must be good, and we must be great. We fail. We go broken to our graves, hoping for a life beyond, where we may measure up to love.

That is, most of us do this. Some put away great love entirely. They choose littleness, because it is comfortable. They settle down to pleasant lives; cultured swine, intellectual cattle, more or less brainy beasts.

Still, though many strive with it and are wrecked, and others give it up, love goes on, almighty, inborn in every new child, inherent in humanity. It is our redemption and our torment. It is eternal. For it is God. God flowing, bursting up, heaving in tidal waves in the souls of men.

Suppressed here, it rises yonder. Silenced in one place its vocal harmonies break out in a hundred new places. Love almighty is God almighty. It is that breath which God breathed into the nostrils of the dust He had fashioned, and man became a living soul.

Heaven and Hell are but love's flame and shadow reflected upon the infinite.

THE TEETH AND CLAWS OF ALTRUISM

Behind the idea of justice always lurks the idea of force.—*De Tocqueville.*

As civilization becomes more and more complex, justice must become more and more fundamental. Among simple people, in antique and ignorant eras, security was possible by force. The mediæval baron lived safe in his castle at home and in his harness in the field by the mere process of keeping the common people cowed. His walls and his soldiers were his sure support and defense. He alone had the power to destroy. He could hurt his people and hang or chop them; they could not touch him.

Times have changed. The invention of high explosives has rendered all walls obsolete. Even guards, armies and police are insufficient nowadays to protect a king. Bombs are cheap, and a dollar buys a revolver good enough to slay an emperor. The machinery of destruction is in the hands of the proletariat. The power to hurt has passed from duke and doge over to the cobbler and the plasterer.

Every assassination of a royal person contains this lesson. There is safety no more in high places, except as there is justice in low places.

"Be wise now therefore, O ye kings, and be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Kiss the people, lest they be angry and ye perish from the way when their wrath is kindled but a little."

The rise of democracy has been accompanied with the growth of the terrific power of private vengeance. The other edge of democracy, its cutting edge, is the power of "one of the least of these, my brethren," to kill. Along with the doctrines of altruism and universal brotherhood comes the manufacture of fulminates, dynamite, nitroglycerin and all the black brothers of the outraged.

And there is no refuge from this menace except justice. And not occasional justice, such as of courts and arbitration boards and special committees, but bottom justice which reaches to the basic equities, which indeed must utterly reorganize the social arrangement.

Every man must have a fair chance. No child shall under any circumstances have an unearned preference over another. Bringing one child into the world in the slums and feeding him on refuse, alcohol and lust, and bringing another child into the world in luxury and feeding him on milk and honey and love; this injustice must cease. All privilege, caste, every species of unfairness must stop.

So preaches the mild Jesus. So runs the gentle gospel.

But behind the flowers and perfume of this appeal of goodness is an iron horror, a thing with teeth and claws and fire-heart that says the same thing.

Let us be fair and just and love our neighbor and we will feel better. Quite so. But there is a hell side as well as a heaven side to every true preachment. Let us abide in unfairness, injustice and selfishness, and out of the pit of wrong and darkness by the side of which we feast shall come fire balls and cyanic vapors.

Wherever there is injustice there is danger. Wherever there is wrong there is concealed hell fire. Every oppression means an explosion. Every graft and connivance of roguery means, some time, somewhere, agony and heartbreak.

"Wherefore hear the word of the Lord, ye sorrowful men that rule this people.

"Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death and with hell are we at agreement; therefore thus saith the Lord:

" 'Behold, judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow your hiding place. And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with death shall not stand.' "

IMITATION IN RELIGION

The customs of a people are their motive power.—*Duclos.*

There is nothing more imitative than our religious experience; nothing that seems to ourselves more profoundly original; nothing in which we follow more closely the footsteps of others.

By this I do not mean to imply that our religious feelings are not genuine. Quite the contrary. We can be as sincere in a suggested emotion as in a spontaneous emotion.

I believe in the religious feeling. I believe it to be the highest functioning of the human intelligence. But I am of those who labor to free it from ignorance, irrationality and base alloy, and to get it properly set in its true psychological place. Religion is not the private property of the church; it belongs to mankind; it doubtless exists in the house of God, but it is also in the outdoors of God, and there's a lot more outdoor space in the universe than there ever will be house room. I sympathize with and love all honest religious feeling.

But most of the feelings of any kind which we think our very own are imitative. The lover feels about as he has heard and read that others feel; the instinct is his own, its form is mimicked. We get angry at those things at which a man is supposed to get angry. A young Albanian private in the Turkish army the other day was executed for stabbing his captain, who had slapped his face. His defense was that his people always killed those who slapped their faces. He was willing to die to keep step with a racial impulse.

We eat and drink under the dictates of tastes which are copied. When we go to Marseilles we eat bouillabaisse, at Strasbourg we eat pate de foie gras, at Budapest we eat goulash, at Naples we eat macaroni, in Germany we eat limburger cheese and sauerkraut, down South we eat hot biscuit, and in Boston we eat beans; and in each instance good livers can throw themselves into a genuine imitative craving and relish for the specific dish of the locality. The most accomplished gourmets are those with the most adaptable palates.

We build our houses to suit certain notions of personal comfort which we have inherited from our people or absorbed from our environments. When we travel we consult Baedeker or follow the suggestion of friends in selecting the places where we are to let our enthusiasm loose.

So, looking back, I can see how all my early

religious experiences were run into molds ready-made for me by my surroundings. I was not satisfied until I had all the forms of emotion others said they had. When I awoke to this fact I was at first inclined to doubt the genuineness of my feelings, but more mature reflection brought me about to see that, while the manners and shapes of my sentiments were copied, the core and gist of them was truly my own, the moving of a deep, entirely individual and personal instinct within me.

Does not this explain some peculiar religious phenomena? For instance, the permanence of religious institutions, the fixity of creeds, the long life of churches, generation after generation growing up and passing through the same forms of faith?

Does it not explain, also, the remarkable spread, the epidemic nature of new religions, how they seem to catch and go like fire, increasing in arithmetical progression?

And does it not explain, also, the slow progress of trying to apply rational, scientific methods to religious thought? It requires the constant effort of reformers, prophets, saints and heroes to keep religion from hardening into empty form, or running away into a travestied sentimentality, and to keep it near to the individual, genuine truth.

Religion is eternal, because it is human. All churches are true, in a way. The Jew, the Catholic, the Protestant, the Christian Scientist, each is trying out, in the long experiment of years,

some particular phase of the truth. Each doubtless will have a part in forming that sweet and reasonable religion, that rational, intelligent, perfect attitude toward the infinite which our children's children shall count not the least among the treasures we have wrought for them with our highest effort—the religion of to-morrow.

DO THE MEEK MAKE GOOD?

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.
—*Jesus.*

A gentleman writes that a magazine has offered a framed motto, "Blessed Are the Meek," to any meek person who has made good. He wants me to answer this.

One cannot answer a joke, much less a covert sneer. But if any cares to think clearly about meekness I can point the way.

The question is, what does it mean to make good? If it means to get on, then meekness is silly. If it means to become great, then meekness is the only way.

If to make good means to have some feudal master of dollars notice you, promote you or endow you by his royal will or pleasure; if it means to win in the gamble of business; if it means currying favor with the vested interests until you are made leading citizen of the village or judge of the court; if it means scheming, fawning and handshaking until you are elected governor of the

state or bishop of the church; if it means spending millions in printer's ink and upon billboards until you make the multitude buy your brand of hats or soups or pianos; if it means what is commonly meant by success, to-wit, prominence, notoriety, or wealth, then the meek do not make good.

But if by making good is meant to become strong, sane and sure in soul, wise and clear in mind, sweet and wholesome in character, with your own life full of peace and poise, and with your whole influence a help and inspiration to those who know you, then nobody ever does make good save the meek.

Jesus said, "the meek shall inherit the earth." To understand that you have to know what meekness is. It is not timidity, cowardice, servility and such tempers. It is—Humility.

And what is humility? It is the wish to be great and the dread of being called great. It is the wish to help and the dread of thanks. It is the love of service and the distaste for rule. It is trying to be good and blushing when caught at it. It is loyalty to truth and reality, and hate of sham and seeming.

In all the real things of life it is only the meek who inherit. In love it is the meek who sit upon thrones and it is the proud who bow down to them; in art it is the meek alone who have eyes to see the shy secrets of nature and the grace to fitly interpret them; in science it is the meek alone

who have the subtle instinct for truth; in goodness it is only the meek who have that rare flower of unconscious purity; and in life's sterner affairs, before the furies of sickness, failure, calumny and death, it is only the meek who stand calm and ready, while the braggarts tremble, whine or flee.

Who of us, in his serious hour, would not rather be found worthy to stand beside old Socrates, poisoned like a rat in a hole, and Jesus, hung up to die between two thieves, and Lincoln, shot down like a dog, than to be brother to the last devious money lord or political baron who has schemed and bludgeoned his way to the kingship of these times?

To furnish the cheapest kind of prize to all the meek who make good would bankrupt a millionaire. For all over the world, among simple folk, "unwept, unhonored and unsung," each faithful in his small corner, are myriads of brave, helpful souls, who suppose themselves to be nothing, who would be amazed if told there is anything noble about them, yet who are facing life's responsibilities bravely and death's terrors unafraid and the unknown to-morrow with cheer and strong hearts. No prize of men or magazines can reach them, for they hide; but they wear unseen the crown of wild olive, for all that, and unto them shall be given the morning star.

They are like God; for, have you never noticed? God is so shy and humble and hidden that

the humbugs don't believe He exists! God never seems to make good, until the centuries have their say.

WIDENING

Rien ne ressemble moins a l'homme qu'un homme—
Nothing less resembles mankind than a man.—*Balzac.*

I know a woman who is a perpetual child. She retains all the childish strong love of them that love her and hate of them that hate her. And she makes no bones of it. She never tries to dye her likes and dislikes with color of justification, but is frank, open and above board slap-me-and-I'll-slap-you, and kiss-me-and-I'll-kiss-you.

And I don't know but she gets along about as well as those of us who try to be just and fair in our emotions.

For I have walked about in the mess of men and the ways of women some years and have observed, and my conclusion is that when all's said and done most of our instincts are downright primitive.

A soul wriggles a good deal, like a wobbly arrow, but as a rule it speeds from the bow of the cradle to the target of the grave in just about the trajectory which the hand that shot it designed it to take.

In plain prose, we are born with a bunch of tendencies and our days are spent in working them out.

We keep imitating and imitating other people whom we admire, but it is only a business of trying on successive suits till we find one that fits us. For we never permanently come under the influence of any one who is not just spiritually adapted to our own self.

So we say such a poet, author, actor, man or woman, "finds" us. Which simply means that such person helps us express our self.

We like a certain preacher, for instance. Why? Because he says what we think. We read a certain author with pleasure because he helps us give form to convictions we already have. So Lord Bacon shrewdly said he wrote a book to tell men what they had always known.

The soul is a narcissus that loves only those other souls which are as pools on which it can see the reflections of itself.

As life deepens we find in ourselves more and more of the multiplicity of humanity. And so we love more and more kinds of men and different traits of men.

It is herein that the sage differs from the petty soul. He has come into a broad sympathy with humanity because he has become more widely human. He sees that in himself are all crimes and all sanctities.

Hence with the saint on his knees, drunk with ideal holiness, the wise man is not shocked nor has any contempt, but he says amen to any whitest prayer, and with the drunkard, the thief and the murderer he has no bitter words of abhorrence, because in his own soul he has felt these swift shadows and poison, desperate darkness of them, and he wants to put his hand on the wretch's hand and say, in pity and humbleness—My brother!

So it is a straight way from the direct and childish soul that slaps back and kisses back, up to the serene character of the great soul that loves all and forgives all.

It is all a matter of more humanity, more life, more inner resources, more wealth of personal development.

A great man is like a wide sea and laves the shore of all continents and kinds of men. He loves all because he is akin to all.

Jesus said to the woman taken in adultery: "Neither do I condemn thee"; to the thief on the cross: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise"; to God, speaking of his murderers: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The difference is one of degree. The little soul sees itself only here and there among men. The great soul (which we call divine) sees itself in all mankind.

The child and the savage love their benefac-

tors; intellectual people love their kind; saints love the brethren; sinners love their sort; the Jah of the Hebrews loved the chosen people; the God of the middle ages loved the elect; Jesus loved the world.

JESUS OUT OF DOORS

The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the seaside.—*Matthew.*

We can never understand Jesus until we get him away from the Temple.

It is when he steps from the altar and goes with us to the home, the workshop and the seaside, that we perceive his supreme significance to life.

And he is so much more splendid when we take him out of formulas of salvation, and walk with him along the ways of days.

The modern man, growing less and less sensitive to the appeal of ritual and authority, finds, like the two upon the road to Emmaus, that his heart burns within him, as he talks with Jesus out of doors.

Jesus out of doors, free from the stuffy air and stuffier ideas of the "meeting house"; Jesus, not a wooden part of a wooden scheme, but a luminous, warm Teacher; Jesus, unwrapped from the spicy grave-clothes of heathen rites, and treading with us the meadows of modern thought, with

eternal springtime in his look; Jesus, descending from the incense-swathed niche and the light of candles, into the open of life and literature; Jesus, with his scepter of authority laid by, ruling now by the aspiration of his word; Jesus with the "many crowns" of kingship removed, crowns he never wanted, but which the ignorant enthusiasm of a king-infested age forced upon him, thrice as unwelcome to the real grandeur of his soul as the Crown of Thorns; Jesus, coming among us with the genuine greatness of his character, and stripped of the artificial greatness of thrones, dignities, and robes, great in vision and wisdom and love, and relieved of soul-killing superstition; this Jesus is one whose leadership rests not upon his birth, nor prophecies, nor miracles, nor the conclusions of logic, nor the authority of Church and State, nor Tradition; but, with a fair field and no favor, by sheer virtue of his dominant personality and ideas, easily outstrips all competitors in the race for mastery.

What a joy to him it must be to know that he has ceased to be a battle-cry for the fierce passions of war, is ceasing to be the bone of contention between sects, and is coming to be the symbol of individual nobleness and social brotherliness everywhere!

The clash of theological discussion has died away; people have lost interest in the mighty themes that once rent nations; religious bigotry,

and its shadow, irreligious bigotry, have practically disappeared; vast libraries of religious dispute and speculation molder away, read no more; ancient institutions are crumbling, upheld only by enormous endowments; yet in all this downfall and decay we see no diminution of the real mastery of Jesus over the thought of mankind.

Only to him can the altruist appeal as to one having those far dreams of perfect beauty for the race. In him only, of all masters, the workingman finds those ideals of dynamic power and seed persistence that insure the downfall of all tyrannies. He alone stands in the ultimate ways of all political economy. What God may be we cannot tell, but up to this day no figure but that of Jesus stands between us and our loftiest, sweetest conception of God, "like an angel in the sun." And of all the world's great teachers he alone remains with us in the mist and dark of death, and whispers: "It is I. Be not afraid!"

In endowed pulpits doubtless they are still droning upon the themes of Trinitarianism and Unitarianism; but the modern mind cares not whether he was human, divine, or myth. It asks, What *is* he? not What *was* he?

Because the question to-day is, What does he, or any man, or God, mean to my character? We have lost interest in salvation beyond the grave. Now, as in the New Testament, it is a scarcely mentioned topic.

We are interested in life here, power and depth of life, that "eternal quality" of life, without which any "eternal duration" would be as insufferable in Angelico's Heaven as in Orcagna's Hell.

And for purposes of character-making, inspiration, wisdom, purity, holiness and nobility, we need the Ideal Jesus. So long as the Ideal is here we care not by what avenues it comes. It came through the New Testament. It might have come through Goethe, Plutarch or Victor Hugo, only it did not. The point is that to the modern mind it is the fact of Jesus, his teachings, his life-story, the mental picture of him and his fecundating thoughts, and not the vehicle through which this fact has come to us, that is important.

The little Christ that lay on Mary's breast,
The babe the mediæval mind caressed,
  Is not my Jesus; mine's a new-born hope
That builds each morn within my life its nest.

The Christ that once in ancient Galilee
Strewed golden parables beside the sea,
  Is not my Lord; he vaster walks to-day
The avenues of souls, and talks with me..

That Christ between two thieves there on the hill
Is not the Son of God we helped to kill;
  In slum and prison, nailed twixt law and lust,
Hangs the dim horror of our common will.

There *was* no Christ, I say! That thorn-set brow
Was not, but *is*, eternally and now!
Up through the hate of centuries he bears
The unwilling world to love, we know not how.

SELECTED ESSAYS

DEMOCRACY AND ALTRUISM

There is a deal of bunk about Altruism.

When a man approaches me with a scheme, and says he doesn't want to make any money, but is just working for the good of his fellow-men, I suspect he is a rascal, and 75 per cent. of the time my suspicions are well founded.

This world is organized on a pay-as-you-go basis. If you have anything to offer that is of value, men ought to pay you for it—and usually are willing.

The most altruistic thing in the world, really, is an honest business. A fair and square grocer does more good in the world than a free-lunch counter.

Giving people things for nothing is, most of the time, wicked.

Doling out charity, giving to the poor, breadlines, soup-kitchens, almsgiving and the like are by-products of unjust privilege, predatory wealth, autocracy, and class nonsense.

Democracy aims to establish justice. It does not ask the rich to be kind to the poor, but to treat the poor honestly.

In Kingdom Come there will be no Charity (meaning almsgiving). There will be Justice.

Democracy is intelligent selfishness, which is a whole lot better than stupid unselfishness.

"Safety First" is not placarded by a railroad or factory because the boss loves the help, but because by it the boss gets better help. It saves him money.

Steam and electricity have done more to improve the condition of the masses than have the reformers.

The employees of a department store are instructed to use Courtesy, not because the proprietor is a nice man, but because he has sense, and knows that courtesy pays, and that Discourtesy drives away customers.

The banks advocate thrift, not because they wish "to do good" and are managed by benevolent, kind gentlemen, but in order to get more deposits, which is far and away a better reason, because it is based upon a belief that thrift pays, and produces happiness, and not that it is an unpleasant moral duty.

The man who advances the cause of righteousness the most is the man who can show us that it is a cosmic law and that, by the law of averages, it pays.

All this, of course, does not mean that we are to do no kind deed without getting money for it. It means the discovery that the kind deed in the long run brings us more happiness, more profit.

Good literature is now in every home, magazines more splendid than our fathers dreamed of, not

because somebody was kind-hearted, but because somebody found out it is profitable. Talking-machines and player-pianos bring good music to the lonely ranch and far-off settlement, because it pays.

The inventor, the engineer, the business organizer, the intelligent politician, the skilful workman, and all who do good honest work, all who create and organize, and show us how to live together without fighting: these are the real Altruists—and not the people who Talk about it.

WHERE ARE THEY—THE VANISHED ONES?

There was a missionary who tried for some time to preach the Gospel to a tribe of native Indians in British Columbia, but without success. At last he succeeded in awakening their interest by exclaiming:

"I know where all your dead babies are!"

He aroused their attention by appealing to the oldest, most wide-spread and most deep-seated curiosity in the human heart.

Where are the dead? Shall I see again those whom I have loved and lost?

These are questions that date back to the night when Eve sat with her dead boy's head in her lap, and looked up in agony to the silent stars.

They are of ultimate interest to every human creature, from the king, crying out, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee!" to the meanest slave-mother clasping her lifeless child to her bosom. For death is the great democracy; only in life do we have privilege and precedence.

Death alone speaks the universal language and

is understood by men of every speech. He is the tireless traveler, and wanders to all lands—to the luxurious cities and the primitive jungle, visiting wheresoever living creatures abide, whether on mountain or meadow, or sailing the seven seas.

Death is the immovable Sphinx sitting by the roadside of life, propounding its eternal riddle.

Just now this oldest of questions comes up with a new significance. War has taken its vast toll of human life. For some seventy thousand American boys "there is no more any future"; for them the sun has ceased, and in every home lies a black shadow.

What has become of these boys? It is an inquiry edged with a piercing grief, a cry sharpened with the keenest human feeling.

It is one of those questions which none can answer, yet it is the question which every one must settle nevertheless. At least we can take stock of what we know and do not know. If our minds must be distressed, at least they may be clean. We can rid ourselves of degrading superstitions. The sorrow of parting is bitter enough without making it more poignant by the torment of groundless fears.

If we can not help ourselves, at least we can adjust ourselves. And, after all, the art of life is adjustment.

The first thing that we should set down upon our tablets is that we do not know what becomes of the soul after it has left the body.

We may believe, fancy, think, hope, and feel, but we can not know.

This matter has been a subject of the most intense investigation for centuries. Upon it the keenest minds of the race have exerted themselves. It can be safely said that if there were anything to be known about the hereafter it would have been discovered.

And we know no more now what becomes of the spirit after death than they knew in the Stone Age.

There may be some question as to what science does know; there is no question as to what it does not know. And an accurate thinker is better tested by his certainty concerning what he knows not, than by the amount of what he knows.

We not only know nothing of the abode of the dead, but we know that we know nothing. It is only by starting upon this clear and solid basis that we shall be able to think constructively at all or to feel helpfully.

If any one, therefore, claims that he knows, he is a fraud. You can be absolutely certain upon that point. He is deceiving either himself or others. He may be very sincere, very earnest, and highly moral, but he is a fraud just the same.

Dwelling in the fringe of society, inhabiting caves in the woods or back streets of the cities, there has always been a company of mysterious and dramatic creatures who claim to have dealings with the departed. They had these people in Babylon

and Egypt, they cast their spells in ancient Greece, they flourished in the favoring obscurity of the Middle Ages and they are alive and busy today.

It is a good thing to leave this tribe of witches, wizards, necromancers, and spirit-rappers entirely alone. They have been tried for many thousand years, and there is no use of your trying them. That way madness lies.

But one word upon this subject should not be entirely negative, although it is necessary to clear away the rubbish before we can find a firm foundation for our thought. Although we have no knowledge of the case of the dead, we do have something that is *better in every way than knowledge, something far more usable, far more helpful in our loneliness, far more medicinal for our grief.*

That something is FAITH.

To most persons the word "faith" carries with it a certain vagueness and unreality. It is a much-abused word, and has often been employed to mean even intellectual dishonesty; that is, to mean that we lay claim to know and to be certain of things of which we have no proof whatever. It has been used to carry the absurd idea that we can make a thing true simply by insistently asserting it.

Faith, as a wholesome element of life, connotes no such thing. Faith does not lay claim to know. It is exercised toward those things which are essentially unknowable.

And it is the unknowable things that are the vital, real, most necessary, and practical things of

life. The things we know are trifling compared with the things we believe.

For instance, take the three most important things that concern human beings—God, Life, and Love.

Each one of these three subjects has to do with the very core of our existence. And while we can use them, handle them, draw sustenance from them, and make or mar our lives by them, of their essence we know nothing whatever.

What is more important than life? Yet no scientist knows what it is, no one has been able to create it nor to explain its mysterious force.

We can develop it, we can extinguish it, we can enjoy it or suffer by it, but we no more know what it is than Adam knew. Love, by common consent of mankind, is a supreme essential. We live by it and die for it. Without it our days would be empty mockery and life itself a bitter dream.

But who knows what it is? Who can understand that mysterious attraction of one soul toward another?

You never know that your wife loves you, or your husband, or your child, or your friend. You believe it.

You live by faith, not by knowledge. The very springs of your life are fed by faith, not by knowledge.

In the same way it can be said that we do not know there is a God. We believe it.

This does not weaken the position nor author-

ity of God over us; it strengthens them. The conviction that there is a moral purpose in the universe, that

"Behind the great unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch over His own"

is not one that can be established as knowledge, but it is no less the conviction that dominates the best portion of the human race.

"The just shall live by faith."

What we know is how much less important than these things which we believe!

We know how many pages are in a book, for we can count them.

We know that water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen, for we demonstrate that fact by a chemical experiment.

We know that two and two make four.

But who cares? These facts have, of course, their value in the material basis of life, but how small their value compared with those facts which we can approach only through the avenue of belief!

And we believe that though a man die he shall live again.

This is no less a certainty because it is a companion to the certainties of conscience, of love, of loyalty and of all the spiritual realities that enrich and beautify our earthly sojourn.

It loses nothing of its profound assurance because it is not one of the certainties of the kitchen,

of the counting-house, or of the laboratory.

We are certain of a future life because of reasons that do not sprout in the shallows of logic, but send their tap-roots down into our instincts.

We are certain of immortality because we are capable of ideals, of moral motives, and of high impulses that are too long for this sublunary existence and reach out beyond.

Self-sacrifice, absolute honesty, loyalty, and love lose their force if human life falls in the ditch of death never to rise again.

All those impulses which make a man a spirit and not a beast, all those long thoughts which mark the human mind with divinity, and whatsoever there be that makes our career a worth-while, a dignified, a self-respecting thing, all these demand that the soul shall live on..

When God has a point to carry with the human race, said Emerson, he plants His arguments in the instincts.

We can not doubt that our dead shall live on, because this doubt would shear us of the highest elements of life, it would reduce us to the level of cattle, it would inflame the torch of every base and unworthy passion, and extinguish the light of those nobler motives that make us great.

The whole urge and aspiration of the better part of humanity are away from wantonness, gluttony, and the swine-troughs of sensualism. And it is this divinely implanted repulsion which has kept alive in mankind, through all the ages and despite

all seeming, the persuasion that death is not an end, but a transition.

This faith does not imply that you should join this or that church, follow the next religious fad that is fanatically recommended, accept some creed full of irrelevant matter, enlist in this propaganda, or accept a place in that organization.

It simply means that, *unless you live your life in the consciousness of eternity you will make it cheap,* you will lose the shine of the ideal, lower and coarsen your thought.

Faith has been abused by every charlatan, it has been used for sordid purposes by the designing, the crafty, and the half-insane, because it is universal and touches every one of us so intimately. Let any man affirm with an accent of surety, "I know where your dead babies are!" and he is sure of a hearing.

But no contortion nor charlatanry can put out the light that our Maker has lit within us. Without the conviction of immortality all of earth becomes covered with that mist of familiarity, as Shelley expresses it, which makes life obscure to us.

We lose vision, which is our maturest faculty, the last gain of evolution, the priceless fruit of ages of growth.

And it is better not to know. It is better to go on.

> "Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
> Still clutching the inviolable shade."

For what we know, we trample underfoot. What is certain becomes common. Only the thing believed, longed for and made ours by stretched-out hands of Faith, enters us as Promethean fire, transforms the crassness of our flesh, changes our human blood to divine ichor, awakens us to see "the hiddenness of perfect things," and makes this earthly ball a peopled garden.

Had there been no strong instinct in your boys, O mothers of American soldiers, that the meanings of life stretch beyond death, ignore the barriers of time and round out only in the perfect equities of eternity, they would never have undertaken the great adventure, left the safety of their home career and flung their fair bodies away for an ideal.

Why be a patriot, if death ends all? Why live like a hero, if we are to perish like swine? Be sure that over every poppied grave in Picardy bend the garnering angels, reaping their rich harvest of souls—and your boy among them—souls of them that died even as Christ died, that the world might be saved from the filthy egotism of them that believe only in thrones and battalions.

The belief in immortality is so ingrained in the race that even Jesus did not presume to teach it. He assumed it, saying, "If it were not so, I would have told you."

Have no fear that humanity will give up its most ineradicable conviction. This assurance that

we have wrought out by centuries of sincerest aspiration, this belief that is the crown of eons of upward struggle, this faith that is "the immediate jewel of the soul," this assurance that dignifies and ennobles men and women, separates them from the beasts of the field, and crowns them with spiritual dominion, will not be lost in any bogs of fleshly indulgence, nor shall we be cheated of it by the pride of those materialists who "peep and botanize upon a mother's grave."

And on this Easter Day the voice of him who more than any man grasped the royal significance of human life, sounds its trumpet reveille as clear and strong as ever before, to all to whom life is more than meat, and the body than raiment—

"I am the Resurrection and the Life!"

* * * * *

Knowledge can teach us much. But the two most needed boons of life are gotten by Faith alone—how to be Good, and how to be Great. And it is by Faith alone we are made to see

"How he that loves life overmuch shall die
The dog's death, utterly;
And he that much less loves it than he hates
All wrong-doing that is done
Anywhere, always, beneath the sun,
Shall live a mightier life than time's or fate's."

OPPORTUNITY IN AMERICA

The biggest thing that America stands for is Opportunity.

It was to get Opportunity that millions of immigrants fled from conditions in the Old World and came to this country. Their own lands were cursed with autocracy and hardened under the cement of privilege.

Opportunity is the dearest treasure also to the soul of the native-born American.

Safety first is no motto for this free land. It is the ideal of oppressed and timid peoples.

So it is certain that any of the *isms* from the worn-out civilization of some parts of Europe, imposed upon a vigorous, self-reliant country like ours, will never take permanent root, much less become a spreading tree under which the nation can rest and renew its strength.

It is natural that a class of people terrorized by militarism and bowed under the yoke of tyranny should find its goal in security. It is an old man's theory, a program of a tired race.

America is not tired. It is young, ambitious, and eager for adventure.

All the American asks of the world is a chance.

All he dreams of is the open door. And he hates, most of all, whatever bars his road or in any other way interferes with his progress.

If you were to offer to the workmen of any of our great industrial organizations a contract guaranteeing each man his present job as long as he lived, very few of them would sign it. Those who welcomed it would be the most inefficient and the least American, for the simple reason that the one thing every real American desires is to get ahead.

Josiah Strong said that the movement of people from Europe to America in the last half of the nineteenth century was greater than any migration since the world began. Those people caught the gleam of something finer, nobler, nearer to their own cherished ideals in the dawn fires of Americanism. And so they turned their backs on governments maintained by tyranny, injustice, and oppression.

But some, having gained the Promised Land of Opportunity and equality before the law, were still seething with the memory of ancient wrongs.

They were like Cervantes' famous character, *Don Quixote,* who, eager to fight something, turned his sword against the windmills.

These old-world malcontents began to build windmills in America and to urge the weak, the envious, and the incompetent to fight them.

The first windmill was the old-world bogey of

Class. Where they had come from, certain people were born to be favored and waited upon, other people were born to wait upon them. Class is a hateful thing wherever you find it. It is disgusting, as it appears in the shape of pride among the so-called aristocracy, as snobbery among the hangers-on of aristocracy, and as envy among those who would like to belong to a favored class even while they condemn it.

The uncleanest notion that ever entered into the mind of society is that certain people are "born to the purple." America tolerates no such opinion among its typical and wholesome citizens. Those who entertain it do not belong. They do not speak our language.

Americans look upon life as a great, open game. Some will win and some will lose. And Americans are good losers. We cannot feel that envy and hatred toward the successful that is generated in the windmill-fighter.

The second windmill was Autocracy. Over there, in the old world, some men imposed their will upon others. But the windmill-fighter who arrays himself against what he calls autocracy is as autocratic in this democratic country of ours as any kaiser. He has his theory of government and of economics, and he is intent upon forcing that theory upon everyone, willing or unwilling.

Americans do not want any leader to assign to every man his post and his wages, and thus,

by a cast-iron scheme, compel everyone to be happy. The thing that lies nearest to the American's heart is Liberty. He wants his government not to be constructed upon the ideal theory of some impractical visionary. Indeed, he does not want it to be constructed upon any theory at all, except the theory of intelligent, honest opportunism and common sense.

And he wants as little government as possible. He would have life a thing to be expressed by the free play of man and man, and not as a machine to secure prosperity by an organization iron-bound and unyielding.

The third windmill was Property. Success, to the windmill-fighter, means getting money away from the capitalist and under his own control. He preaches that, with a better distribution of property, the goal of man will be attained. So in a sense, the windmill-fighter magnifies the importance of money.

But Americans are idealists. We sent over two million men to fight—if need be, to die—in Europe, and we spent billions of dollars, all for an ideal. We did not expect to gain one foot of territory nor one dollar's worth of loot for ourselves. We would not take by force of arms the land or goods of any other nation. There was never a greater mistake in the world than the idea prevalent among other nations that America has no soul above the dollar.

Americanism has its dreams, its brilliant goal toward which it presses. The true American citizen, no less than the windmill-fighter, proposes the brotherhood of man, equality of privilege for all, and the other blessings of a Golden Age.

But Americanism has faith in the immutable promises of God, while the windmill-fighter places his hope in the impatient theories of man.

The windmill-fighter dwells in a house made with hands, and the foundations of the house rest on the shifting sands of class consciousness. He would build another Tower of Babel to reach the heavens, and amid the building nothing can be heard but a strife of tongues.

In the ideals of true Americanism lies the real hope of the world.

FAITH THE CURE OF FEAR

There are many kinds of Faith Cure, and there's some good in all of them. In spite of ridicule and logic and mechanistic science, faith goes on healing people.

For this reason. While faith cannot set a broken bone nor restore a lost eye, there is a certain thing it can do, and do better than any other agency. It can cure Fear.

In the process of getting well, one of the main factors is what may be called the health-force of mind and body, the power to resist a poison, to throw off a disease. All medicines, baths, and other treatments from the outside are of value only as they rally this saving force inside.

It is the Vitality, the inherent health of the organism that really "cures." And the greatest enemy to Vitality is Fear.

It is common knowledge that Fear depresses the mind, but it is not so generally understood that it affects the body quite as directly. Yet we know that it makes the hair stand on end and the lips dry and the knees shaky.

And it is now becoming more and more recog-

nized by the medical profession that it has still profounder bodily effects. If a patient goes under an operation in great fear his chances of recovery are much less than if he is courageous. Many a man has died because he was afraid he'd die, and many a man has got well because he was determined to get well.

What the doctor needs therefore in his medicine kit more than pill or elixir is something to kill fear.

And what kills fear most surely is Faith. It is of the same intangible, spiritual, and vague quality as fear. It fights fear on its own ground. It attacks fear exactly at the center where it originates. And it does the business.

Any kind of faith is good, faith in an amulet or a cross or a talisman or a formula or good luck; but an intelligent faith is better, because being consistent with reason it cannot be destroyed by reasoning.

To have intelligent faith one needs simply to face the light resolutely; to refuse to entertain thoughts that are fearful; to postulate persistently to one's self the supremacy of goodness, health, love, and justice; to insist that, no matter how much these good forces may seem to fail, it is only seeming, only temporary, and in the end they will triumph.

This is not cozening one's self. It is realizing the medicinal power of thought and using it.

It is not weakness. It is self-mastery.

Fear is letting one's self go. Faith is taking one's self in hand.

It is not the object of Faith that is of curative power, so much as it is the quality of Faith. How you believe means more than what you believe.

Of course in this statement I am not referring to your salvation, which we may leave to the theologians to discuss, but to your health and spirits.

If you want to cure Fear, have Faith.

The Germans are experts in psychology. They undertook frightfulness for a set purpose. They outraged Belgium, torpedoed the Lusitania, bombarded defenceless coast towns, dropped bombs on London, shelled Paris with the phantom gun, and the like, in order to produce Fear, because Fear kills vigor and saps resolve. But the Faith of the Allies was not shaken.

What the Germans did as a nation, the devil and disease are always busy doing to you and to me. But by Faith we shall overcome.

Salvation by Faith is a profound health truth, a truth of success and of happiness.

WHAT PATRIOTISM MEANS TO ME

When we observe what patriotism has done and is doing in Europe we are inclined to have doubts as to whether it is a good thing or not.

Certainly if it finds its perfect expression in a hideous, causeless orgy of blood-lust and destruction, we don't care for it, and it should be listed along with drunkenness and anger among the sins to be avoided, and not among the virtues to be cultivated.

Many American teachers and parents are thinking seriously on this matter, and asking themselves how far and in what way the love of country should be taught children.

Let us, therefore, do a little clear thinking, get hold of some bottom facts and see what patriotism ought to mean to us.

In the first place this country is not at all like most of the other countries of earth. We are not a nation in the sense that Germany, or France, or England is a nation. We are not of one race. We are composed of immigrants from all races. Our land has been called the melting-pot.

In other words, the United States is merely a

segment of humanity. We are not merely one more breed added to the others, Russian, Italian, Spanish, and so on, but we are all breeds. We are a portion of the entire world-mixture.

This is the big fact about our nation; and it carries with it the true meaning of our national existence.

Germans may sing "Germany over all," and England may boast that "Britannia rules the waves," and the Russian may dream of Slav destiny. But Americans have no such ideals; we don't want to be over any other nation, nor to rule anybody; all we want is to govern ourselves and that other governments be law-abiding enough for us to do business with them.

President Harrison said to the first Pan-American congress in 1889 that never was a nation "so smitten with peace" as the United States, and that nothing could tempt us to gain a foot of the territory of our neighbor American states. The idea of conquest is hateful to us. No matter what happens, we don't want one inch of Mexico, and only pray that Mexicans may believe it. We handed Cuba back to the Cubans. There is a strong sentiment among us for likewise giving the Philippines over to the natives when they have shown they can conduct a stable government. We have lived a century in peace side by side with Canada, and not a soul in one country has wanted to conquer the other. We are perfectly satisfied

to allow Canada to mind her own business for all eternity.

Some of us are of German blood, some of Irish, some of French, some of English, and some of other strains; and this being the case our pride is a human-race pride, not a special-type pride. This places us as a natural mediator, a normal, born neutral among the tribes of men.

America stands for federation, which means each country, great or small, attending to its own affairs, and settling international disputes by peaceful process of law. And in the nature of the case that is the only program by which the world as a whole can ever get along. Imperialism is absurd, unworkable.

Patriotism to an American means the same as enthusiasm for humanity. It is right for us to want the American eagle to utter its scream over the Seven Seas, provided we know what it is screaming about.

And its voice is never for possession or rule; it means, to any people it approaches, their independence and self-government guaranteed, as well as such justice and order in their borders as shall be a basis for trade, free travel, and peace.

The Stars and Stripes is the flag of humanity, the symbol of the one nation that stands for "All people that on earth do dwell."

With this conception of the kind of nation this is, and of how different a thing American patriot-

ism must be from the clashing national passions of other lands, we can perhaps get some light on the teaching of patriotism to the young.

Patriotism is wholly worthy and noble, if it means not the subjugation of any people, but the liberty and independence of all; if it means not race-hate and rivalry, but the brotherhood of all; if it means not another bloody chapter in social competition, but the beginning of world co-operation; if it means world unity, world government, world peace under world law, and not a continuance of that senseless "battle of the kites and crows" that so far has been history.

Children fight; grown people learn to get along together. America means that the world is coming of age.

If you know what American patriotism is, you can be as patriotic as you please, and sound the hewgag and beat the tom-tom.

For in America alone patriotism is logically consistent with Christianity; here alone it means what religion means—universal brotherhood.

HUGH MANITY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Turning the corner near my lodgings, I first caught sight of him. He was the queerest-looking object ever seen loose on a city street. He was an old man, with a frock coat, silk hat of ancient vintage, trousers too large for him, and the wrinkledest, most comical, quizzical face any one ever saw in his born days.

Follow him? Of course. Every one that saw him followed him. You couldn't help it. There was already a pack of boys after him when I joined the procession. And not only boys, but grown-ups also.

At length he stopped on a corner where there was a dry-goods box under a lamp-post. Upon this box he scrambled, took off his hat, and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen. So glad to see you here this Christmas eve. I know you all followed me because you think I've something nice for you. And I have. I have. I never disappoint you, do I? You can trust your old friend Hugh. That's my name, you know, if anybody here's never met me before—Hugh, Hugh Manity."

"Hurrah for Hugh!" shrieked a red-headed boy.

"Thanks, Bub. Just for that I'm going to give my first present to the children. All children, everywhere, every child in the United States, poor, rich, black, white. Here it is. It's an *Education.* Ha! Ha! Here it is. Take it and run along. Democracy without education, you know, is a joke.

"Oh! There's a lady. She's a fine lady—all wrapped up in costly furs. But your face is hard, lady. Your soul is hard, too. Something's the matter. I know. Here! Come here, you and your husband. This is what you want."

And out of his old hat, like a conjurer with his tricks, he pulled the darlingest of little babies, cooing and laughing. The woman grasped it. Tears were in her eyes. Her husband was smiling. They hastily departed in their motor, bearing away their prize.

"There! Didn't I tell you?" cried old Hugh. "I know what makes 'em happy. I know. Come one, come all. Come and buy of old Hugh. Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not good? Come! Buy! Without money and without price!

"Ah! Come here, girl! You out there shivering at the edge of the crowd. Lord love you! What's the matter with your eyes? They look as lonely as lonely. I know what you need. Here

it is. It's *Love*. Take it. Love will make it all easy."

"Is it really love?" cried the girl.

"Really and truly. The gen-u-wine. Can't buy it. But when old H. Manity gives it to you, you can depend on it.

"Come, my man, you're next. What's the matter with you? You look as if you'd swallowed a quinine-foundry. Mercy me! Well, I've got just this Christmas packet for you. Take this. Put it in your heart, and life'll look different. What is it? Why, it's *Faith*. That's all. Just the old-fashioned kind your mother used to have when she sang to you o' nights, the kind poets use in their business, the kind everybody has to have, more or less, to keep from souring. Take it. It doesn't cost a cent. And whenever you give it away you'll have still more.

"Ah! I know just what you want, you pretty girl there. My, my, what rosy cheeks and snappy eyes! Come here, my darling. Old Hugh won't hurt you, though he'd like to kiss you, as every man in this world would. But I'm going to give you something that will keep your beauty from harming you, and others. You know, beauty sometimes is a curse. Well, as long as you have this Christmas gift of mine, your beauty will only bless, and help, and cheer all who know you. Here! It's called *Loyalty*.

"And here's what you need, you man, yonder,

with your cunning eye and general air of success. You don't get much fun out of life, do you? Your employees are always trying to beat you. You have to watch your partners to keep them from gouging you. All your family wants is to get money out of you. Oh, it's fight, fight, fight! I know, and things look pretty glum this Christmas eve, don't they? Well, here! Take this. It'll help a lot. What is it? Why, it's just *Unselfishness.* Use it, and see what happens!

"And whom have we here? As I live, a pack of patriots—a German, a Russian, a Frenchman, an Englishman, an Italian, a Turk, and an Austrian. Faces red. Arguing. On the verge of fighting. Here! Take a drink of this bottle. It's called *Common Sense.* There! What did I tell you! Anger all gone. All good fellows together now. Why? Because you have some *Common Sense* in you. Why should you quarrel over nothing at all? What do *you,* the people, get out of this war? Nothing but death and taxes. Look at 'em. They're going away arm in arm.

"And now I must run along. But before I go I'll just throw these gifts out to the crowd. Help yourselves.

"Here they are! Love folks, don't hate 'em. Be patient, don't be petulant. Don't punish. Don't hurt. Don't be egotistical. Be child-minded. And God bless everybody!

"That's what old Hugh Manity says."

With this, he jumped down lightly from the box and disappeared into an alley.

IT MUST NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN

The greatest armed conflict of history is over. It has been the bloodiest, cruelest, most destructive war since the world began. We have discovered that there is progress in everything but war. War grows deadlier and fiercer as civilization progresses. The very inventions and discoveries of peace lend themselves to making war more terrible.

The nightmare is past. Already we look back upon it as a horrid dream. We almost doubt that it actually took place. It seems inconceivable that vast masses of human beings could engage in such a carnival of diabolism.

It shall not happen again. It must not happen again. It will never happen again.

There are those who ridicule the statement that there will never be another great war. They say wars will always be. They are fond of adding that you can not change human nature. Let us see.

In the first place, human nature does not need changing. There is nothing the matter with it. Left to itself it would never produce a war. No

people ever went to war of their own volition. They have all been led into it by their dynasties. It is absurd to suppose that the peasants and shopkeepers of Germany, if they had not been befooled by the Junkers, would have started out to murder the people of France.

And dynasties are passing. Kings and emperors belong to yesterday. This is the day of the people.

Even if the people's reign means at first Terrorism, Bolshevism, Anarchy, and Red Socialism, at least by such things they only destroy themselves. They will not organize any huge military machine to menace other nations.

We are moving away from the standpoint of dynasty to the standpoint of the people. And war is the method of dynasty. It pertains to kings, royal houses, and a military caste.

We are in an age when the supreme idea is Business. Business does not want destruction, it wants construction. It does not seek empire, it seeks markets.

It wants its neighbors prosperous, so that it may trade with them. It does not want them subjugated and reduced to poverty. For instance, the United States could not possibly be induced to go to war to annex Mexico. We would not have that country if it was presented to us on a silver platter. All we want of it is that it should be law-abiding and prosperous. We do not even

want the Philippines, and as soon as they are able to manage their own affairs we shall undoubtedly let them go. They are worth more to us as an independent market than as a dependent province.

The Almighty Dollar has been railed upon and called cold and sordid. But it is a good deal better than an All-Highest Emperor.

Never was there a greater mistake than that wars are instigated by businessmen. Never was there a blacker lie than that the United States went into this war because of Wall Street's ambitions. War is the last thing businessmen want.

Business is essentially democratic. It makes men meet upon the platform of mutual service. Business means that we shall be mutually prosperous.

In order to stop war forever we do not need to change human nature, nor to make everybody over. The stoppage of war is a very simple thing, and can be brought about tomorrow, if we have a mind to.

Because war is the product of misgovernment and anarchy. It is the result of the lack of cooperation among the nations of the world.

The one thing that can stop war is World Government. We are already on the road toward that. Over twenty of the nations of the earth have already allied themselves together for the purposes of defeating the mediæval ambitions of Central Europe. That alliance can never be

broken. In time the other nations of the world shall be received into its membership.

We shall have the Parliament of Man and the Federation of the World, and it shall come soon.

We shall have it because the truth has been forced upon us that it must be that, or chaos and black night.

We must have the Federation of the World in order that human progress may be by evolution and not by revolution.

We shall have it because a supreme danger has shown us the absolute necessity of it.

There are but two ideas of World Government.

One is the idea that originated with Julius Cæsar, the first Emperor. It takes its name from him, and is called Empire.

Empire simply means that the world shall be made one by one nation conquering all the others.

That idea has been struggling to establish itself ever since Cæsar's day. The Spaniard had it, and Napoleon had it.

Its expiring effort was made by the Teutonic nations under the lead of the Hohenzollern. Empire as a means of World Government has demonstrated itself to be a failure.

There remains the only other idea, which is that of Federation. This is the American principle. The world must be Americanized, that is, it must learn co-operation. And this is not far off. It has been compelled to learn this by war,

and it will carry this knowledge into the era of peace.

One of the greatest prophets of earth was Victor Hugo, and his prediction at the Paris Peace Congress in 1849 will come true. The day is at hand.

"A day will come," he said, "when war will appear as absurd and be as impossible between Paris and London, between St. Petersburg and Berlin, as it would be now between Boston and Philadelphia.

"A day will come when bullets and bombs will be replaced by the universal suffrage of nations, by the general arbitration of a great sovereign senate which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England.

"A day will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums just as an instrument of torture is exhibited now, and people will wonder how such a thing could ever have been.

"A day will come when those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen standing before each other, and extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their products, their commerce, their industry, their genius, and their arts, cleaning the earth, propelling, improving creation, and uniting for the good of all those two irresistible and infinite powers, the fraternity of man and the power of God."

WHAT DOES AMERICA GET OUT OF IT?

What does America get out of this war?

France claims Alsace and Lorraine, Italy the territory of Italia Irredenta, Serbia this, Rumania that, and Great Britain, Belgium, and the other victorious Allies each her share. But where do we come in? What do we get for our maimed and slaughtered sons and for our expended dollars?

We hear said, "Nothing." But that is a mistake. We shall have our share of the loot. For we are going to get some big Ideas, that are well worth all the price paid in life and money.

The Ideas the returning soldiers bring with them are going to mean a great deal to the United States. What are they? Here are some of them.

First and foremost is the Idea of World Consciousness. Travel is one of the best elements in education. It broadens the vision. It orientates the judgment. It tempers the acrid prejudices that breed in isolation. It makes a man a better citizen of his town, his state, and his country, because it makes him a citizen of the world.

Provincialism is the curse of individuals and of races. The Middle Ages were provincial. The twentieth century is cosmopolitan. From provincialism come septic national vanities, crude and dangerous ambitions, the hot quarrels of religious intolerance, destructive race-hatreds, and all the seeds of war.

Railroads and steamships are the shuttles of civilization. It is they that have woven all humanity together so that it was able to resist the onslaught of the autocracies of Central Europe.

The returning troops will be better Americans because they will realize that "there are others." They have felt the fine spirit of France. They have come close to the sturdy heart of the British. As comrades in peril with men of other breeds they will appreciate the oneness of humanity.

This Federation of the World of which we dream is not merely a scheme to avoid wars. It is a spirit. The diplomats at Paris may *make* a League of Nations; our soldier boys will *feel* the League of Nations.

Another Idea we shall gain is that of Public Service. We have had it brought home to us, how closely the life of the nation bears upon our personal lives. Politics will take on a new and more intimate significance. The affairs of State are not mere matters that concern only office-seekers; they mean a lot also to me, and my wife and our son John and the baby.

These home-coming soldiers who have been ready to *fight* and *die* for their country, will be fitted to *live* for their country, and will be the greatest factor in our problem of reconstruction. They will make better aldermen, mayors, sheriffs, school-teachers, legislators, governors, and congressmen. And they will take a livelier interest in choosing such officials.

They are bringing back with them also from their military experience some valuable information to use in civil life. They have seen a great nation put the ban on alcoholic drinks, and if booze is bad for a man in supreme danger it certainly is not good for him in ordinary business. They will have learned the power that lies in physical efficiency, the force a man gets from discipline, and the value of team-play.

History shows us that while "westward the star of empire takes its way," the West takes a stride forward only after it has folded back upon the East. Greece learned from Asia, Rome from Greece, Europe from the Crusades. This sojourn of two million American men in the older civilizations will likewise enrich us. The souls of France, Britain, and Italy will come to touch the life of the great West.

And the deep spiritual life of the nation will be refreshed. The millions of our country have felt the inspiration of a great ideal, that there is something in life worth living and dying for, more

than personal gain. There is such a thing as an imperious, dominant Cause. And that is the core of true religion. This is the ennobling conception

"That makes brutes men, and men divine."

Whatever may have been the peculiar religious tenets of the soldier, whatever his church, or if he had no church at all, he has been made to feel the sweep of a mighty collective passion, he has felt the pulsing of the vast communal heart. He knows now that "the life is more than meat."

A great spiritual reconstruction is in the air. Denominations are drawing together, feeling their essential unity as never before. And this impulse will surely gain force from the flower of our youth now returning to us, for they have seen the agencies of Protestant and Catholic and Jew ministering side by side, and the Red Cross, that knows no creed but human need, busy in its human service, backed by the common purse and heart of the whole nation. When these boys get home they will be poor partisans in sectarian disputes, and will understand no rivalry except rivalry in doing good.

In this war we have lost much, lives and treasure, but we have gained much. We have sent our sons to the great University of Fate; and they come back, deep-eyed and deep-souled, to be better Americans and better Human Beings, for they have learned anew the redeeming Gospel of Hate,

without which any Gospel of Love is but old wives' crooning,

> "hate of all
> That brings or holds in thrall
> Of spirit or flesh, free-born ere God began,
> The holy body and sacred soul of Man."

THE NEW CITY OF BEAUTIFUL SLUMS

Mankind's first residence was in a garden.

His last will be in a city.

The earlier tradition runs back to the Garden of Eden, as related in the beginning of the Bible. At the end of the Bible, John, the seer, looks to the final consummation of things and sees The Holy City coming down out of Heaven.

This is true to human nature. Human beings gravitate to cities as they emerge from savagery.

Civilization is of the crossroads.

Because civilization means learning to live together without cutting one another's throat.

The city is the triumph of co-operation. It implies interdependence, teamwork. Country life means independence, individualism.

The race noses its way through the uncharted sea of time. The city is the point of its nose. City problems lie a century ahead of other problems.

The coagulation of people into city-clots is not confined to the United States. It is world wide.

We use arguments, reason, logic to induce men to go "back to the land." Nature uses instincts to

draw men to cities. Instincts are destiny's arguments.

Why we love cities need not here be discussed. The point is that, as a mass, we do love them. And that as all the forces increase, which now are operating in humanity, we have every reason to believe they will make for the city more and more.

We began as roving animals, inhabiting the spaces. We shall end as citizens.

It may be interesting therefore to cast our prophetic and irresponsible eye forward to the Ultimate City, to build Saint John's city out of what material the past and present furnish.

And, first, the city of the future will be a growth.

You cannot manufacture a city any more than you can manufacture a tree. Both grow.

All attempts to build a city *de novo* have failed. All cities are absurd. They are in the wrong place. They are illogical. They are the despair of architects.

Anybody could pick out a better place for a metropolis than Rome or Chicago or London.

And all cities are ugly. They are full of deciduous teeth. Look at the amazing cowpaths of Boston, the jumbled dry-goods boxes in which families live in New York! What enormous expenditures were necessary to make over Paris! And note Amsterdam and Venice on stilts!

All of which goes to prove that no intelligent

brain planned them, nobody made them. Like Topsy, they "just growed."

If some Aladdin with his genii were to take away New York City overnight and substitute for it the New York of 2019 we wouldn't know what to do with it. We couldn't use it. No more than the Manhattan Indians who dwelt on the island before Hendrik Hudson's day could use this New York of 1920. What would they do in the Woolworth Building or the Plaza Hotel? They would get along about as awkwardly as we should were we suddenly presented with the City of the Future.

The idea therefore of taking down our existing city and creating another, according to reason, is crazy. The City of the Future will always be the City of the Present.

And the City of the Present will always be imperfect, unsatisfactory, always be remaking, being torn down and improved. Like Peter Pan, it will never grow up.

Because it is human. And John Fiske says that the essential characteristic of man is his improvableness.

Our object should be, not to have an ideal city, but a city just ideal enough to be usable.

No new idea is of value except as it mixes with those ideas we already have—as food, unless it is digested and assimilated into flesh, does nothing but give us indigestion.

That is why reformers do not succeed. Their ideas may be new and good, but they are indigestible.

If you suddenly were to see a pink elephant dance into the room with your grandmother sitting on it playing a grand piano, you, being sane and awake, would seek to verify your vision by pinching yourself and looking about you at familiar objects. Your vision not harmonizing with the rest of your conscious equipment, you would set it down as an optical illusion. The man who is asleep and dreams this, however, or the insane man, has no power of orientation and he thinks the elephant is real.

Anything to be permanent, to be adapted to human use, to serve mankind, must not only have future vision, but present fitness, and must also link with the past. James Bryce says that no institution can prosper that does not have its roots deep in the past.

We visualize the City of the Future, then, as a careful balance between the momentum of past traditions, present utility and the dreams of the future.

As the Norse tree Ygdrasil has its roots in the past, its trunk in the present, its branches in the sky of the future, so this Future City is not some impossible nor fairy concept, some Bellamy fancy, but is to grow out of the city we now see about us.

The City of the Future will be a unity. It will be intensely co-operative.

Society trends constantly toward a more perfect and compact organism.

We are growing toward co-operation all the time.

But growth is in spots—as water freezes in little points first, and afterward these points connect—as gray hairs appear here and there upon Ephraim, "and he knoweth it not," and soon his head is white.

So we see certain spots of unity now appearing (*"apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto"*). Labor unions are experiments in getting together among the workers. Trusts indicate the same force working among businessmen. Churches and sects are the sporadic congelation of the religious motive.

All these will grow and spread, some of them fail and others appear, until humanity at last learns the great art of unity. We are now keeping step here and there in little companies, preparatory to keeping step as one great army.

Speaking of armies, the Allies won the war by getting together. At first the British were a unit, and the French and Americans. Finally they concentrated into one great unit, under Foch, and won. This is a picture of the race's struggle towards unity.

So the League of Nations would have been im-

possible before there were any well-drilled nations to league. Internationalism cannot be colloidal, that is, one gluey, indistinguishable mass. You can't have an Internation without nations. France, Great Britain, and America each had to practise long years, building up a national spirit, before any abiding world-unity was possible.

But always the eternal forces of progress drive men and nations toward greater and larger unity, first little groups, then these merging into the larger group.

So will come the Millennium, the Golden Age, which is merely the ripening of co-operation.

Every "big business" is simply a larger grouping. Woolworth succeeded with his chain-stores, not by any brand-new idea, not by creating something before unknown, but simply by saving the enormous waste of retailing by organization.

P. D. Armour was perhaps the world's greatest merchant. His success lay in no new way of packing meat, but in organizing, by substituting the Chicago stockyards for a million little country-town slaughter-houses. He got rich by saving the waste of competition by means of co-operation.

I live in an apartment house where there are some forty other families. We all take milk. We are served by some ten milkmen. These cross and recross each other's path. They maintain separate dairies. One big dairy firm could attend to us all at one-quarter of the cost. All this waste

we have to pay for. It is added to the price of milk per quart.

Some day the city will see the vast price it pays for the waste of competition in milk. We shall have one organization, which will herd the kine and carry their product to the people. For every human being wants milk.

Now, we shall not get this all at once, in a day. We are getting it now, getting towards it. Several milk trusts have been formed. People have cursed them, as they usually curse anything that means progress. By and by when there are only three or four giant milk trusts the people will quietly take them over.

The possibilities of co-operation are intoxicating to the imagination. What can we not accomplish in the way of unified team-play in the direction of housing, gas, light, heat, electricity, transportation, besides staple foods, such as bread, meat, and milk!

The City of the Future will certainly be one highly organized, homogeneous, co-operative, smooth-running, low-cost-of-living machine. The people will not rebel against it nor fret under it, because they will have made it themselves, it will be the gradual fruition of a tree already planted and now growing.

Which brings us to the third point, that the City of the Future will be highly socialized but not Socialistic.

As to Socialism as a theory I have nothing here to say; except that it is a theory.

Furthermore, the results it offers never can possibly be produced by a theory, because they are the natural outgrowth of a free-working Democracy.

Socialism kills the goose that lays the golden egg. Democracy is the goose.

We grow toward perfection not by getting what is best for us, but by getting what we want. This way we learn and improve.

All progress is by a series of mistakes. Democracy is always making them. So it learns common sense.

Besides, Socialism emphasizes class. Democracy tends to obliterate class. And class is the eternal clog on progress, the most venerable foe to civilization, for it prevents getting together, it is a constant force for heterogeneity.

For this reason, while Socialism as a scheme seems progressive, yet whenever it is put into any sort of practical operation it is reactionary. Because of its septic class notions it is not cohesive but disintegrating in its effect upon the body politic.

The City of the Future will be beautiful.

Now it is beautiful in spots only. We have artistic mansions on the boulevards and in the exclusive suburbs, but hideous slums. The business portion of any city is an esthetic crime.

Why?

For two reasons. One, we have never realized the utility of beauty. And two, art has not yet caught the spirit of democracy.

We do not regard beauty as a necessity. With us it is a luxury. Let us have it "if we can afford it," but it is for the rich, for the people with a surplus.

Now this is the truth that some day we must come to: that beauty is absolutely essential to public morals, to good citizenship and to healing the sores of civilization.

There is an intimate connection between crime and ugly homes, between thugs and the cheap, garish, stinking saloons they frequented (not only an alcoholic, but also an esthetic connection), between lazy, trifling, ignorant men and women and the filthy lots where they played as children among the jimson weeds, old tomato-cans, and goats.

Unclean streets breed unclean minds. Wretched chairs, carpets and wall-paper make wretched souls.

I am amazed at the paucity of imagination among millionaires. All they can think of, in the way of using their money to perpetuate their name, is the same things millionaires, kings and other magnificences have done for five thousand years. They build gingerbread palaces on Fifth Avenue or country estates on Long Island, precisely as the nabobs of ancient Rome erected gorgeous habitations in the city or laid out summer

homes along the lower Tiber or up towards Tivoli.

If you want to do something real, and big, and new, with your money, O millionaire, build beautiful slums!

If you want to help the little country town where you were brought up, don't present it with a library, or memorial church, or organ, or fountain. *Build a beautiful street.* Tear down the facade of the main street and remake it artistically!

The matter with art is the same that is the matter with most other forms of genius. It is snobbish. It is monarchical. It is mediæval. It is a thousand years behind the times. It hasn't breathed the *Zeitgeist.* It has not caught step with Democracy.

Artists are still painting pictures on canvas to put in heavy gilt frames to hang in the house of the rich soap-maker, or carving statues to adorn the oil-king's park, or making gewgaws to put in cases in museums.

Why don't they make beautiful stores and office buildings, where life functions, where the great brain and purpose of the nation is forging? Why don't they clean out the haircloth sofas and dreadful bedsteads, tables, and whatnots of the U. S. Grant period that cramp and starve the souls of the commons, and make Democracy beautiful?

They will—some day. No Holy City of past dreams is going to be so beautiful as the downtown district of the City of the Future, with its

not one but hundreds of Woolworth Buildings, its vast canons as imposing as the lanes of heaven, its golden spires, leaping fountains, harmonious colors. Pittsburgh in 2019 will be more beautiful than Venice in 1300 or Nineveh in the days of her highest grandeur.

But it will be a beauty that shall come through the realization of Democracy.

And through the grasping of the truth that *only the useful is beautiful and only the beautiful is useful.*

The dominating feature of the City of the Future will be its public schools.

If Socrates were to revisit the earth and come to an American city he would find much that would be familiar. Churches—Athens had temples; shops and business houses—they were plentiful in Greece; residences, poor men's hovels and rich men's barracks, court-houses and senate-houses, jails and granaries; all these he would recognize though changed somewhat in form.

But the great public schools would be a new note.

The public school is the characteristic feature of the twentieth-century landscape. The world, especially America, is paying attention to the education of children as it never did before.

But not enough yet. In fact, the great business of education has hardly begun. *Some day it will be the chief business of the city.*

No business of the human race is as essential as that of training the next generation.

The school-teacher will be "the biggest man in town"—not the mayor, nor chief of police, nor billionaire.

At present teachers are inadequately trained, absurdly paid and as a class incompetent. The profession does not attract the ablest minds of the country.

Because we do not yet realize the overtopping importance of the school.

We do not yet see that it is easier to put a reform into effect through the schoolroom than through Congress—and that it stays put.

We do not yet see that nine-tenths of the diseases of body, the social and economic evils, the political perversions, and all the rest of the ills we are heir to, can be swiftly and soundly cured only through the schoolhouse.

In the City of the Future no boy or girl will be allowed to be out of school, winter or summer, except for occasional vacations, until he or she is twenty-one; children will not be given an education because their parents can afford it, but will (both poor and rich) not be allowed to grow up untrained because the State *cannot* afford it. We shall recognize that child-training is not a family matter, but a City matter, a State matter, a World matter.

In the City of the Future the public school-

houses will be bigger than the court houses, more charming than the big hotels, busier than the railway stations, and as widespread and as accessible as the grocery stores. The superintendent of schools will draw more salary than the mayor, and the teacher will occupy a higher social position than the colonel's lady or the wife of the banker.

The City of the Future will be run by women.

Because women are by nature more capable of running things than men. They are practical. Men are ideal.

They are administrative. Men are creative. They are born economists (for economy is just a Greek word for "housekeeping").

Women will be mayors, aldermen, policemen, legislators and all such things, because they are naturally conservative, work well with institutions, and know how to keep up loose ends.

Men will be at work. They will write poetry. (No women write first-class poetry.) They will plan big business. They will devise, scheme, and do the rougher toil.

Man comes first; woman afterward. And the most important business of the world is clothing, feeding, transporting, and educating. Governing is of secondary importance. And women govern better than men.

This will go far toward solving the sex problem, and automatically. For the main cause of sex evils is the economic dependence of woman.

She has been "kept." She has been a possession. Some day she will do the possessing. Being a mother, she will bring into its proper dominance what ought to be the chief factor in the relations between the sexes—the child.

Only when you approach the sex muddle from the standpoint of the child can you think sanely upon it.

The City of the Future will be religious. Deeply, universally.

In its first centuries Christianity was captured by the monarchical idea. The Church, up till the Reformation, was merely the projection of the imperial system of Cæsar. With the Reformation it split into sects. But these are for the most part but imitations of the same monarchic organization.

We shall outgrow the sectarian era. We shall, some day, have our religious organizations founded, not on some outgrown issue, such as apostolic succession or mode of baptism or form of ecclesiastical government, but upon the universal necessity of ethical training and of the culture of worship.

As the world is much more religious now than it was in the days when it was called religious and when in the shadow of majestic cathedrals they burnt heretics—as there is much more altruism, mercy, and brotherliness extant in 1920 than there was in 920—so there will be much more re-

ligious sentiment and conviction in a hundred years from now.

Because churches then will no more fight one another than public schools now fight one another.

It will be recognized that religion is the basis and feeder of the conservative virtues, of physical health, of social harmony, of commercial prosperity, of the making of just laws and of the disposition to keep them.

The greatest victory of the late war was not over the Kaiser, but over the Kaiser's Gott.

That ancient idea of a deity who functions through the strongest battalions, through fierceness and might, was put to rout by the growing idea of a God of righteousness, of treaty-keeping, of honorable treatment of women and of truth-telling.

The City of the Future will be openly, profoundly, unaffectedly religious.

For the River of God shall flow through the streets of the city.

Shall this city ever be?

It shall, and it shall not.

It shall be, in so far as it is a natural growth, the unfolding of existing elements. And when it comes it, too, shall be commonplace, unsatisfactory, and men shall cherish new dreams. For the ideal floats ever before us; we never catch up with it.

It shall not be, for it is of tomorrow; and tomorrow, when it comes, is today.

But it is. It is now. In our minds. Hence also real. For "the thing we long for, that we are, for one transcendent moment."

And what we long for subtly determines what we are.

So we may say, "There is a city." It is every soul's secret. As the Italian poet had it, *Ciascuna e cittadina d'una vera citta*—"Everyone is a citizen of a true city."

It represents the joy of multitudes, and the highest pleasure of souls is gregarious.

It floats before us. At every turn of the road it seems no nearer. But there is a city. And it hath foundations.

> "There is a city, builded by no hand
> And unapproachable by sea or shore;
> And unassailable by any band
> Of storming soldiery for evermore."

WHY IS THE BIBLE THE BEST SELLER?

Why is the Bible the Best Seller?

Because it is the most universal in its appeal.

It knows no class, race, sect, or cult.

It is Humanity's Book.

It is the common reservoir from which all men draw their supplies.

It is the community Power House of the spiritual world.

It is read by the white man and the negro, the oriental and the occidental, the proletariat and the aristocrat, the college professor and the hod-carrier, the ruddy-cheeked boy in the Sunday School and the pale and wasted old man on his dying bed.

Nobody, no group, no organization has been able to box it, or fence it, or own it, as exclusive property.

Churches are founded upon it, rise, increase and in time decay; theologies are constructed from its texts, they flourish, and dissolve; it abides, as the mountains abide, whence flow the inexhaustible springs of human hope.

It is a Book that reaches back into gray antiquity; forward to the Golden Age.

It is like the great tree Ygdrasil, whose roots are in the past and whose branches wave in the sky of the future.

It contains the only program of civilization.

Its principles constitute the only practical basis of commerce; it is the cornerstone of business.

Only by its teachings can we come to the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

It is not the Jew's Book, nor the Catholic's, nor the Protestant's, nor the orthodox's, nor the heretic's; it is Man's Book; and wherever a soul is born into the world, this Book is for him.

It treats of the most interesting of subjects, How to Live and How to Die.

It contains the rarest traditions, the noblest poetry, the most convincing preachment; it is the world's greatest literary masterpiece.

It portrays for mankind the Hero of history, the majestic, baffling, alluring Jesus, who was rightly called Wonderful.

A myriad Magdalenes have wept away their shame at his feet; a myriad soldiers have lisped his name with their last breath upon the shotted field.

The Bible utters the soul of man. It is mysterious, as he is full of mystery. To its commands he responds with an instinctive Amen. To its vision of holiness his heart turns, as a flower to the sun. Its appeal to conscience lays upon him a ghostly, compelling hand.

It restrains crime more than all the police. It solves more problems than all the philosophies. It wins more wars than all the armies. It promotes progress more than all the reformers. It is the terror of the oppressor, the liberator of the slave, the solace of the disillusioned, the morning star to them that overcome, and the cup of comfort to them that fall by the way.

It is the pledge and program of the millennium.

It is the secret source of the world's optimism.

And in that final hour that comes to all men, when the spirit shudders forth into the unknown, this Book alone brings the word, like a bell in the fog, of him who says:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

THE CHALLENGE OF PEACE

The problems of Peace are more difficult than the problems of War.

In War the aim is Destruction; in Peace it is Construction, and it is easier to smash than to build. War means that we go out and lick somebody; it may be hard to do, dangerous and costly, but at least it is simple; there's just one thing to do and when that is done it's all over. But in Peace nothing is ever over; every triumph is but the girding for a greater struggle; it is baffling, complex, vast as Life, while War is simple as Death.

So the task of Reconstruction now before us calls for more brains, more soul, more skill, longer courage, steadfaster devotion—in a word, more man-power, though less brute-power, than War.

The Enemy is not dead, never will die. The German Junkers are finished, but the American Junkers are vigorous yet.

After the Lion, the Jackals.

After the War Monsters have made their kill, out from their holes creep the unclean wolves and

hyenas, from their hidden nests emerge the carrion crows.

Greed, fear, jealousy, race-hate, national vanity, contention, ambition for personal prominence, partisanship, come forth to fatten upon the slain, to snatch what morsels of loot they can in the general confusion.

Bolshevism abroad and Bourbonism at home join hands to slay the Ideal.

It behooves us, "having done all, to stand."

Our two million soldiers made good against the invaders of civilization.

Many more than two million must enlist in the coming fight against the corrupters, the garotters, the poisoners of civilization.

The German war is over. The Eternal war is on, the war for progress, for righteousness, for all the Cross of Christ stands for. There is no discharge in that war.

We must go into Politics seriously.

We have made the world safe for Democracy; but Democracy means Politics.

For it means Self-government, and there can be no Self-government unless citizens actively participate in public affairs.

To say we care nothing for Politics is to speak treason against Democracy.

To excuse ourselves upon the plea that Politics is vile implies that Democracy is a failure.

That is what Autocracy said. "You are incom-

petent to rule yourselves," it proclaimed to the people, "therefore we, the nobles and high-born, the magnificences and the All-highest, will rule you."

The American Party Boss, the masters of graft through organization, talk the same way.

If you would secure the future of your Country, and make it safer and sweeter for your children's children, you must enlist under the banner of the Ideal.

You must put morals into civics, and take your government seriously enough to put Ideals into it.

You must work, pray, preach, organize, watch and co-operate for a League of Nations.

Not necessarily *The,* but *A* League. Not any one man's or faction's scheme, but Some plan by which the civilized nations of earth shall band themselves to prevent war.

The one resolve that ought to be in every decent man's heart as the final outcome of this war should be: "It must not happen again."

All the forces of American Junkerdom that clamored to plunge us into war in 1914 now rage to keep us out of any program of permanent peace in 1920.

The Bourbon mind, that "learns nothing and forgets nothing," snarls at every step we take toward the realization of Christ's dream that

> "Universal peace
> Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
> And like a lane of beams athwart the sea."

Can that Church that has preached the gospel "to all the world," that has obliterated all boundary-lines by Christian Missions, that has steadfastly proclaimed the Democracy of Souls all equal in opportunity before the "one God and Father of us all," even during the long darkness of autocracy—can that Church be silent now, in this crisis, when the world's hope trembles upon the verge of consummation?

The Church has won Prohibition. We have cleaned the nation of the poison of alcohol.

We must go on.

We must mend the broken families, remedy the bad housings, develop wholesome community centers, open the farm lands for soldiers, construct huge public works, win the labor organizations to righteousness, increase schools, strengthen the rural churches, and elect to our legislative bodies men of character and vision, instead of pot-house politicians and expert demagogues.

Forward march!

"Allons! After the Great Companions!"